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SPAIN AND GIBRALTAR*

BY JOSÉ DE ARMAS

ON the 25th of March, 1917, General Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, military governor of Cadiz, delivered an address on 'The Recovery of Gibraltar,' at the Royal Academy of Sciences and Arts in that city. A few days afterwards, he was summoned to Madrid by the Minister of War, and discharged from his office. The Spanish Government, perhaps, conceived his theme to be inopportune and his utterances indiscreet. In 1915, Señor Dato, then Prime Minister, had opened, with the greatest reserve, *pourparlers* with England and France about Gibraltar and Tangier; and, though no definite conclusion was reached, hopes were entertained in Spain of their renewal at some later date. Probably also, since the recovery advocated by General Primo de Rivera was to be through friendly negotiation with England, the Spanish Cabinet feared to arouse Germany's suspicions.

General Primo de Rivera's academic address did not, in reality, give any cause for offense. He touched upon

a very ticklish question, and one which the Spaniards consider a sore wound to their pride, but he did it in terms of much courtesy to England, voicing, at the same time, the universal feeling of his countrymen. As to the opportunity for bringing the affair of Gibraltar before the public, and calling the attention of the Spanish Government to it, he believed that no better could be found. The peace of Europe is going to be settled, according to him, in a conference or congress of nations. If Spain, as a neutral, is denied a voice in that parliament, she will surely find one of the belligerents whom she has represented during the conflict, to take up her interests. What more befitting occasion than that for offering to England, with Europe's approval, the exchange of Ceuta for Gibraltar?

General Primo de Rivera knows that to abandon Ceuta would mean the end of Spanish aspirations in Africa; but the idea of African expansion, under present conditions, is to his mind a deceptive dream, and the acceptance by Spain of the African zone of influence allotted to her in the Conference of Algeciras was a mistake. The recovery of Gibraltar is of far greater importance, above all from the moral point of view.

* 1. *Las Llaves del Estrecho. Estudio sobre la reconquista de Gibraltar.* Por José Navarrete, precedido de una carta prólogo del Exo. Sr. Teniente-General Don José Lopez Domínguez. Madrid: Hernandez, 1882.

2. *Gibraltar y la Bahía de Algeciras.* Por D. Camilo Vallés, Coronel de Artillería. Madrid, 1889.

3. *La Humanidad y los Césares.* Por D. Mario Roso de Luna. Madrid, 1916.

4. *La Cuestión del día: Gibraltar y Africa.* Discurso del General Primo de Rivera. Cadiz, 1917.

The wish to recover it [he exclaims] is unanimous on the part of the nation; and unanimous also the conviction that it is, more than anything, a question of honor. It is more vexing than dangerous for Spain, that the English should possess Gibraltar; it pains more than it harms us to see a foreign flag wave in our own territory.

This is the first time within the last fifty years that the question of Gibraltar has been treated by a Spaniard in so gentle and diplomatic a way. The late General Don José Lopez Dominguez owed much of his popularity and political influence to his fiery speeches on the same subject in the Spanish Senate. His ideas were explained and somewhat enlarged in a book by Don José Navarrete, an officer of artillery, who published it in 1883, under the title *Las Llaves del Estrecho*. In 1889, Lieutenant-Colonel Don Camilo Vallés published in *La Revista Científico-Militar* of Barcelona, a series of essays on Gibraltar and Algeciras, which aroused much public attention. But both General Lopez Dominguez and Colonel Vallés expected to recover Gibraltar by force of arms, with the aid of batteries on the neighboring Spanish positions. Señor Navarrete suggested an alliance with 'some other European nation' in order to defeat England — a plan warmly recommended by the Pan-German propaganda which preceded the war. Who can doubt that Germans were behind the veil, when in 1911, 1912, and 1913, some newspapers in Madrid named Germany as the ideal ally for helping Spain to recover Gibraltar?

Happily, General Primo de Rivera's project is not so unfriendly; and the General's popularity both in the army and outside, and his influence in the last cabinet of Señor Dato (in which his uncle, the venerable Don Fernando Primo de Rivera, Marqués de Estella, held the portfolio of war), only a few

months after Don Miguel's discharge from the military government at Cadiz, are clear evidences that his address was well received by public opinion. We are far from the times when Canovas del Castillo indignantly rejected the idea of exchanging for Gibraltar any other part of the national territory, and war was believed the only solution of the problem. The consensus of opinion now is that Spain ought to proceed by way of friendly negotiation. Even Señor Maura — in spite of a veiled threat — seems to support this idea by his declaration that some negotiation about Gibraltar and Tangier must take place before Spain's attitude in the European conflict can be defined. Señor Alvarez (leader of the Reformistas), Señor Lerroux (of the Radicals), and the Republicans and Socialists in general, ascribe to the narrow-mindedness of the Spanish Government, since the eighteenth century, the lack of an agreement with England on this point. In April 1917, the subject was academically discussed at the Ateneo; and the conclusion prevailed that, since Richard Cumberland's mission to Madrid in 1780, until to-day, the failure of all negotiations with England about Gibraltar is to be laid to the charge of Spain. 'That the English flag still waves over Gibraltar' — said Señor Roso de Luna last year in his spirited book against German imperialism entitled *La Humanidad y los Césares* —

is due to the incapacity of Spanish politicians, who could have found long since some method of saving Spanish sovereignty, and giving to England what she needs . . . what we might call her right of way.

Naturally, such utterances are balanced by the ill-feeling against England so abundant in the newspapers influenced by Germany. General Primo de Rivera has been accused by them

of playing a part, and acting under suggestions made to him during his recent visit to the British front in France—a charge which he disproved by showing that his address was presented to the Academy long before he went to France, though the meeting at which he read it took place subsequently. In the same address he deprecates 'the policy of hates and grudges, followed on account of spite and disappointment.' He believes the demonstrations against Great Britain a great mistake, and warns his countrymen against the disastrous consequences of sowing hostility instead of affection.

Human nature is prone to resent such prudent counsels. There can be no doubt that the question of Gibraltar is one of the several causes of Spain's lukewarm feeling towards the Allies, and of the sympathy for Germany which is evident among a large part of her population. But it is far from being the only, or the most important cause. I firmly believe that to remain neutral until the end of the war would be the decision of an overwhelming majority of the Spanish people, even if no question of Gibraltar existed. The Conde de Romanones, leader of the Liberal party, is well known for his sympathetic attitude towards the Allies. He represents a policy of friendliness with France and England, and on account of this, and the opposition it provoked among his best political friends and in the country at large, he had to resign office last year. Yet, on Nov. 24, 1917, at a banquet given in Madrid by his party, after explaining that he never thought of a participation by Spain in the present conflict, he declared that 'to drag Spain into the war would be a crime'; and that whoever ascribed to him such intention, 'lied, lied, and lied.' The Conde

de Romanones' words elicited a thunderous applause.

The political parties in Spain are divided into two large groups, irrespective of their support or dislike of the monarchy, and according to their clerical or anti-clerical, their reactionary or their liberal tendencies. They are called *derechas* and *izquierdas*, those of the 'Right' comprising various sections, from the rabid *jaimistas*, or partisans of the pretender Don Jaime and of absolute monarchy, to the moderate Conservatives led by Señor Dato. With very few exceptions—Señor Dato's group is 'neutral'—they sympathize with Germany. The 'Left' comprises not only Romanones' party, and García Prieto's—among the latter there are some uncompromising Germanophiles, and Señor García Prieto declares himself 'strictly neutral'—but also the Republicans, Republican Radicals, and Socialists. They generally sympathize with the Allies. Señor D. Melquiades Alvarez and his followers, the *Reformistas*, demand the rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany, on account of the seventy Spanish ships which the Germans have torpedoed; and one, only one, important leader of the Left, Don Alejandro Lerroux, has demanded, since August, 1914, a declaration of war on Germany. The army—which has lately played so important a rôle in Spanish politics and is responsible for the two last Cabinet crises—has expressed the gloomy conviction of Spain's unpreparedness for a war, and her incapacity to put on the field an efficient force even for her own defense. The army believes that it is necessary to reform the administration and remove forever the old cankers of political intrigue and corruption. This work, of course, requires a long time.

Meanwhile, many Spaniards recog-

nize the danger for England of handing over 'the key of the Straits,' and so formidable a position as Gibraltar, to a nation which deserves for her glorious past all the admiration and praise of history, but is at present in the melancholy state of military weakness confessed by her most eminent sons. According to General Primo de Rivera, when Señor Moret was in London some years ago as Spanish ambassador, the Foreign Office told him that his country was not sufficiently strong to hold Gibraltar, but if some day the situation changed, England would not object to speak on the matter. 'In Spain,' the General concludes, 'the possession of Gibraltar by the English is regarded as a permanent national affront. In England it is considered a necessary injustice.' In any case, we may ask what would have happened to Spain itself, if during this war Gibraltar had belonged to the Spaniards.

On Dec. 12, 1917, the Spanish Government issued an official note, stating that the Council of Ministers had resolved to submit to the King for his signature, within a short time, a decree dissolving the present Cortes, and calling for a general election:

The Government [the note added] declares once more its unshaken decision to assure the electors that their votes shall be respected, and for this end measures will be taken to insure fairness in the elections and to relieve the liberty of franchise from all official pressure.

It promised also that the first bill to be presented to the new Cortes should be one for a general amnesty for political causes.

Here, then, was an opportunity, if ever there was one, for some political party or other to include in its platform the demand for a settlement of the Gibraltar question, in favor of Spain, had there been any strong

feeling in the country in regard to that question. That no party availed itself of the opportunity may be regarded as significant. It is a striking fact that the question of Gibraltar does not appear in the programme of any political party in Spain, and has been seldom alluded to in public appeals made by political groups during electoral contests. It is true that, in discussing the present war, some Carlists and reactionaries use Gibraltar as an argument against England, and in favor of Germany. The Germans, they say, are fighting heroically — this is a favorite expression of *El Correo Español* — for the triumph of principles which will restore to Spain her past greatness, together with 'the key to the Straits,' her ancient colonies in America, and the dominion over Portugal. But, though such absurdities may do harm in country districts among illiterate crowds, no sane and instructed mind pays the slightest attention to them; and the question of Gibraltar, or of its recovery, is not a burning issue. The leaders, whether they are Conservatives or Liberals, Monarchists or Republicans, allow their followers to think independently on that question; and the opinions I have quoted are those of individuals and are shared alike by *izquierdas* and *derechas*.

Prominent men are reluctant to express, even when questioned, a definite opinion, and shrink still more from tracing, in present circumstances, the details of any plan of negotiation with England on the subject. They consider it 'too delicate' and 'dangerous' at present, and content themselves with saying that negotiation is necessary, speaking either in the vague way of Señor Maura, or in that of Señor Alvarez. While the men of the *derecha* recognize that the compensations to be offered for Gibraltar

'ought to be studied carefully beforehand,' those of the *izquierda* fractions generally approve, at least in private conversation, the project emanating from General Primo de Rivera.

At the same time, it would be dangerous to regard this attitude of reserve on the part of the politicians as a sign of indifference. The Germans, in their propaganda, have derived so much profit from the question of Gibraltar, that the silence of political parties cannot be construed as a proof that Spain has forgotten the matter. The absence of declarations, and the fact that, since General Lopez Dominguez's protests in the Senate prior to 1883, the question has not been taken up again in the Cortes, are rather to be ascribed to the chaotic state of Spanish politics, and to the fact that other issues, of more immediate importance, absorb the Spanish mind.

In the first place, Catalonia, that ever-discontented and disturbed province, is claiming home rule more energetically than ever since the restoration of the Monarchy. The Cabinet of Señor Garcia Prieto, in which Señor Rodes, a Catalanian Republican, and Señor Ventosa, a staunch Catalanian home-ruler, held the portfolios of Public Instruction and Finance, was but a temporary compromise, designed to appease the Catalanians, and especially their leader Señor Cambó, who talks without ceasing of the rightful claims of Catalonia. Next, there is the doubtful attitude of the army, and the fear of indiscipline in its ranks. Lastly, the war has led, as elsewhere, to an immense rise of prices, and thrown the country into grievous straits. The cost of living is beyond the resources of the great majority; and the poverty-stricken population is on the verge of famine. The Government,

owing to lack of coal, is unable to insure an efficient railway communication between the provinces; the output of the Spanish coal mines, scanty and poor in quality as it is, cannot be conveyed and distributed throughout the country; and the German submarines wage a pitiless war on the seaborne commerce of Spain.

Thus, when, in accordance with the decision of the Government quoted above, the general election took place, early this year, there was room for anxiety, especially in the Conservative party. Nevertheless, the critical occasion passed without disturbance. The elections were, on the whole, favorable to the Monarchy, but not to the Cabinet of Señor Garcia Prieto. The Germanophiles triumphed in many districts. Señor Lerroux was defeated in Madrid and Barcelona, while Señor Alvarez and other prominent friends of the Allies were beaten in their own provinces. In spite of these rebuffs, the Cortes are — what Spain in general is — neutral; for Señor Dato, a neutral with romantic feelings for France and England, is followed by over one hundred deputies, and, with the aid of other groups of similar tendencies, is in a position to control the House.

The Cabinet crisis of last March threw everything for a time into confusion. It had, however, nothing to do with the international question, but arose from a personal quarrel between two political enemies in the Ministry. No political party having a majority in the Cortes, the King formed a mixed Cabinet, presided over by Señor Maura, in which all important sections are represented. It contains such influential men as Señor Dato, the Conde de Romanones, Señor Garcia Prieto, Señor Cambó and others. So long as it holds together, internal tranquillity appears to be

insured; and meanwhile the international attitude of Spain is unchanged. There are no signs that her determined adhesion to neutrality in

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the world-conflict will be abandoned for a more active policy. In these circumstances, the question of Gibraltar sleeps.

THE CHANGED SITUATION IN THE EAST*

BY ST. NIHAL SINGH

I

NOT until one comprehends the complex part that Russia of the Tsars played upon the Eastern stage does one realize what her collapse means to Asia. She was an aggressor who respected no law of God or man to satisfy her hunger for land, which grew as it was fed. But her very ambition to expand in the East and South made her the watchdog of Asia. She was constantly on the alert, wary of each move that any power made for aggrandizement in any part of Asia. Before she fell upon evil days no power considered it expedient to challenge the veto that she chose to place upon any scheme of expansion that she thought to militate against her own programme of aggression.

A fine instance of how Russia compelled others to alter their Eastern policies is to be found in the annals of

the railway that Germany planned to dominate the Middle East and to make the stepping-stone to a great Eastern Empire. In 1871-73 Dr. Wilhelm von Pressel, a German engineer, built for Sultan Abdul Aziz (deposed in March, 1876, for extravagance and reaction) a stretch of railway 91 kilometres long, from Haidar Pasha (facing Constantinople across the narrow Bosphorus) to Ismid (on the sea of Marmora), where that Sultan had his shooting box. Later this line was sold to the *Société du Chemin de Fer Ottoman d'Anatolie* (the Anatolian Railway Company), converted, in 1903, into the *Société du Chemin de Fer de Baghdad* (the Baghdad Railway Company), and in 1889-93 von Pressel built an extension to Angora. He projected a railway from Angora through Cæsarea and Diarbekr, thence along the Tigris to Mosul, Baghdad, and the Persian Gulf. Russia saw in the projected line through Northern Asia Minor a menace to her interests in the Middle East. Germany considered it inexpedient to ignore Russian opposition, which also meant French opposition, for France and Russia had entered into a solemn alliance in 1891. The northward route to Baghdad was abandoned in

* *Political Frontiers and Boundary Making*. By Colonel Sir Thomas H. Holdich. Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

In Far Northeast Siberia. By I. W. Shklovsky ('Dioneo'). Translated by L. Edwards and Z. Shklovsky. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

The War and the Baghdad Railway. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. Lippincott. 6s. net.

Syria and the Holy Land. By the Very Reverend Sir George Adam Smith. Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.

Japan Moves North. By Frederic Coleman Cassell. 5s. net.

Fifty Years of New Japan. By Count Shigenobu Okuma. Smith, Elder & Co.

favor of a transverse route through Mesopotamia. Dr. Von Pressel had, in 1896, extended the line stretching from Haidar Pasha to Eskishehr (on the way to Angora) to Konoia. It was decided to continue that line through Mosul, Baghdad, and Basra (on the Shatt-el-Arab, or the navigable part of the Tigris).

The Russian diplomats felt highly pleased with their performance. Apparently they had every cause for jubilation. They had forced the Wilhelmstrasse to keep its hands off their preserves — and in doing so they had made it to eat humble pie. They had, moreover, hoodwinked France to act against her own interests, for the new German railway put an end to the French ambition to extend their lines in Syria through Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf. They had, furthermore, made Germany and Britain collide in the Middle East. As far back as 1857, Sir William Andrew, who had spent many years of his life as a railway official in India, had published a *Memoir on the Euphrates Valley and the Route to India*, urging his people to build a railway through Mesopotamia to strengthen their position in India. The British Company that had built the railway line from Smyrna to Erzerdir — the oldest railway in Asia Minor — without any guarantee from the Turkish Government, asked that Government, in 1891, for permission to extend the line through Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf, but such permission was refused, presumably at German instigation. The convention that the Turkish Government made with the German syndicate gave that syndicate the right, during the period of railway construction, to navigate the Shatt-el-Arab and the Tigris, which theretofore had been the exclusive privilege of

the British. The German terminus on the Gulf, left undetermined for the time being (possibly Kuweit or Fao), would constitute a permanent menace to India. The accentuation of hostility between Britain and Germany pleased Russia of the Tsars, which, at that time, was at loggerheads with Britain and was using every means in her power to limit and to weaken British influence in Asia.

In setting France and Britain against Germany in the Middle East, Russia prepared the way for the present conflict. Dr. Jastrow, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, a patient student of Middle Eastern affairs, observes in *The War and the Baghdad Railway* — an eminently impartial account of a highly controversial subject:

Had the northern route to Baghdad been followed by the German syndicate and left a southern route free for a second line in the hands of England or France, the railway projects of Asia Minor and Syria might have remained purely commercial undertakings of great cultural value, marking the economic progress of contact between East and West. The political aspect of railway plans in the Near East might have been permanently kept in the background. The European situation would have assumed an entirely different coloring, if England and Germany had not clashed in the East over the Baghdad Railway as happened immediately upon the announcement of the convention of 1902-1903 (page 89).

Russia of the Tsars interfered in the Far East in exactly the same way as she did in the Middle East. The termination of the war between China and Japan gave her an exceptionally good opportunity to carry on her programme of expansion by exploiting international jealousies. In the treaty signed at Shimonoséki (Japan) on April 14, 1895, the Chinese agreed to cede the Liaotung peninsula (with Port Arthur) and the adjacent waters,

besides ceding Formosa and the Pescadores, recognizing the complete independence of Korea, paying an indemnity of 200,000,000 taels, and opening the Yangtse-kiang to navigation, and Shashih, Chungking, Suchow, and Hangchow to trade. The Russian autocrats were alarmed. They believed that if Japan was permitted to gain a foothold on the mainland of Asia, she would resist the Russian plans of expansion in the Far East. They were anxious for a good harbor and port on the Pacific Coast, to which they could extend the Trans-Siberian Railway. They knew that Port Arthur would serve their purpose exceedingly well, and, therefore, they could not permit Japan to acquire it. Six days after the treaty was signed between China and Japan, the Russian Ambassador at Tokyo presented to the Japanese Foreign Office a memorandum, urging Japan to renounce possession of the peninsula of Liaotung.

France was Russia's ally, and joined in the protest. But her agent in Tokyo made it quite clear that no other motive than allegiance to her treaty obligations actuated her. Count Soyéshima says, in *Fifty Years of New Japan*, that Germany, which acted in concert with both these powers, was believed at the time to have instigated the action. The late Count Hayashi, Foreign Minister of Japan, found the German Ambassador exceedingly obnoxious, whereas the agents of Russia and France had been quite courteous.

Time soon revealed why Germany acted in this manner. In 1898 the Wilhelmstrasse obtained from the Chinese Government the lease, for a period of 99 years, of Kiao Chao (193 square miles in area), with adjacent waters. She further secured a 'sphere of influence' extending 50 kilometres (about 31 miles) from all points of the leased territory, and mining and rail-

way concessions in the province of Shantung (about 2,750 square miles, with a population of 84,000 persons).

Russia was not in a position to prevent Germany from establishing an outpost of empire in the Far East. She had acted in concert with her in humbling Japan, and was, at the time making preparations to seize Chinese territory. A month after Kiao Chao had been leased by Germany, the Russian Pacific squadron entered Port Arthur and compelled the Chinese to lease the Liaotung peninsula with its littoral for a period of twenty-five years. Soon afterwards Great Britain obtained the lease of Wei-hai-wei, and France secured a twenty-five years' lease of Kuang-chow. In 1901 Russia used the Boxer rising as a pretext to occupy Manchuria. The Russian programme of expansion led to war with Japan, which, ending disastrously for Russia, compelled her to turn over to Japan the lease of the Liaotung peninsula, and, with the consent of the Chinese Government, the railway between Chang-chun (Kwang-chengtsze) and Port Arthur and all its branches, along with coal mines in that region belonging to or worked by the railway, the whole area being 1,219 square miles, with a population of 540,835 persons, 49,021 of them Japanese.

Soon after the cessation of hostilities between Russia and Japan, a convention was concluded between Russia and Britain delimitating their respective spheres in the Middle East. That convention was followed by the establishment of the *entente cordiale* between France and Britain.

Germany did not look with favor upon the elimination of discord between Britain, France, and Russia, for she knew that these powers, acting in concert, would not permit her to dominate Europe or the Middle East or Far East. No wonder that the

Kaiser and his advisers found a pretext to precipitate the present struggle to crush these powers.

The war knit together the European Allies. It threw Japan and Russia into each other's arms. They readily composed their differences. Since, unlike Russia, Japan was industrialized, she undertook to manufacture large quantities of munitions for use on the Eastern front, and supplied them to Russia, largely on credit. Japan also helped to extend and to improve the Siberian railway system that formed a link between the Far East and European Russia. Out of this camaraderie was born the Russo-Japanese Alliance. With Japan acting in concert with Russia, Britain, and France, Germany could cherish no hope of expansion in the Far East.

The operations carried on by Indo-British forces in Mesopotamia spelled the doom of German ambitions in the Middle East. Before the end of 1917 the portion of the German railway from Baghdad to Samarra was being used against their allies, the Turks. It seemed that the German desire to establish supremacy over the Middle East would never be fulfilled.

When the situation appeared brightest, Russia collapsed, and upset all calculations. With the disappearance of the Eastern front, Germany was able to strengthen her hand in France and Italy. She found all obstacles removed from the roads leading to the Far East and the Middle East. Russia, so long as she remains disorganized, cannot prevent her from making whatever use she may wish to make of the railway system that Russia built to the Pacific Ocean, and the one to the Afghan border, thereby imperiling practically all Asia.

II

The Siberian railway is the longest in the world. The line from Petrograd

to Vladivostok stretches over 6,700 miles, while the one connecting Petrograd with Port Arthur extends over 6,900 miles. It was built by Russians with rails manufactured in Russia. The engineers carried it over the Ural mountains through the snow-swept plains of Siberia. The line that skirts the southern extremity of Lake Baikal proved to be the most difficult portion to construct. Only 156 miles long, it has 33 tunnels and 250 viaducts and bridges, and cost £6,000,000. It has, however, obviated the necessity of using a ferry across the lake.

Siberia has never been properly surveyed, but it is computed to have an area of something like 5,000,000 square miles. Its possibilities in agriculture, horticulture, stock-breeding, dairying, forestry, fisheries, and mines are almost limitless. Colonel Holdich writes in his *Political Frontiers and Boundary Making*—a work that deserves to be read most carefully—that Siberia has 'almost every conceivable variety of climate and orography short of that which we call tropical.' As M. I. W. Shklovsky ('Dioneo') says in his fascinating work *In Far Northeast Siberia*, 'Siberia was not conquered by one great army, but by a few score of trappers and beaver-hunters.' Thus almost without any expenditure of blood or money, Russia gained this vast expanse of uplands, lowlands, and steppes, to which large additions have been made from time to time by compelling China to cede or to lease territory.

Germany would like nothing better than to annex this 'Canada of the future.' Besides acquiring the opportunity of accumulating immense wealth, she would be able to fasten her strangle-hold upon China, Japan, and other Asiatic countries. Just at this time a rich reward awaits her at Vladivostok, owing to disorganization

on the Siberian railway. Mr. Frederic Coleman, the author of *Japan Moves North*, an American writer and motorist, found, during a recent visit, 674,000 tons of cargo 'piled promiscuously here and there in the open spaces and fields.' The greatest congestion, he writes, was caused by 'railway material, nitrate of soda, barbed wire, tea, phosphates, and munitions.' Next, he continues, 'came metals, rice, cotton, machines and lathes, tanning extracts, oils, rubber, tallow, gunnies, and motor cars.' These goods had been sent from Japan and the United States, and most of them lay in the open, not even covered by tarpaulins.

The enemy has lost no time in sending agents to carry on the work of disintegration in Siberia. Mr. Coleman came across constant traces of German intrigue in that country. He, moreover, found the Russians inhabiting that land very susceptible to German propaganda. He gives a striking instance of their gullibility. One day before the peace treaty had been signed at Brest-Litovsk, a young Russian sailor asked a British officer if he was wearing the uniform of a Turkish general or of an American lieutenant. The officer belonged to the Black Watch, and wore the British uniform. On expressing surprise at a Russian asking such a question when Turkey was at war with Russia and no Turkish general could be in Vladivostok, the sailor informed him that a revolution had taken place in Turkey, which was no longer at war with Russia, and was governed by committees of soldiers' and workmen's deputies. The British officer was taken to the barracks, where he saw a sheet printed in Russian giving a circumstantial account of a Turkish revolution that had never taken place. Mr. Coleman writes again and again

that the Russian visionaries in Siberia, whether in German pay or not, are playing the German game in the Russian Far East.

III

The danger to the Middle East is even greater than the peril to the Far East. As Sir George Adam Smith reminds us in his timely and lucid brochure, Syria has witnessed the march of nearly all the world's conquerors. The same truth is brought home by Dr. Jastrow in his book. Germany realized the importance of the road to the East long before she obtained the concession to build the Baghdad railway. It is not likely that she will permit the Turks to be defeated indefinitely in Palestine and Mesopotamia, and as soon as her commitments in the West allow her to spare forces, she will threaten both those theatres of war. It is indeed very significant that, weeks ago, the Turks crossed the Persian border. Their objective seems to be the road that Russia was taking southward to join hands with the Indo-British expeditionary force operating in Mesopotamia. Competent military authorities admit the possibility of a flank movement in the Eastern theatres of war.

In my opinion, the greater the German failure in the West, the greater the fury with which the German hosts will pounce upon the Middle East. So far German successes have all been won in the East. Russia and Rumania have been knocked out of the war. Serbia and Montenegro have been crushed. These victories have given a prestige to Hindenburg that no German general ever had. By patient survey he has made himself master of Eastern strategy. It would not be at all surprising if, on finding himself checkmated in the West, he should seek to

gain a speedy victory in the East to impress the German imagination.

The German press is making no secret of the final objective of the German effort in the East. It is India. For a long time the German mouth has watered for that country. The Baghdad railway was built to conquer that land. With Russia and Rumania out of the way, Germany greedily gazes upon the roads leading through southern Russia, the Caucasus, Persia, and Afghanistan to India's northwest frontier.

In an article entitled 'The Menace to India from Without,' that recently appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung*, the writer urged the promotion of a German policy in Afghanistan, and sought to bribe the Amir by offering him 'an Afghan port on the coast of Mekran (British Baluchistan).' That would introduce a wedge, he said, between India and British predominance on the Persian Gulf with the intended permanent establishment of Britain in Mesopotamia. India, he considered, was not 'in a position to meet the military needs which (would) arise from' an invasion from the northwest, and she would become too weak to 'master her own internal perils — perils which would fully ripen in the event of a further reduction of the men that still remain at her disposal.' He gave it as his opinion that Britain 'can be forced in a very short time to withdraw her forces from Mesopotamia,' and the greater the pressure exerted upon Britain the sooner Germany would have 'a free road via Baghdad to the Persian Gulf.' He concluded by saying that 'to-day, when India is threatened from without and within, it is our business to make the revival of this peril in a more acute form England's real and growing nightmare.'*

* *The Times*, May 18, 1918.

The regions through which the roads to India pass are rich in food for men, fodder for cattle, and petrol for transport. They are mostly inhabited by sturdy tribes who profess Islam, and among them Germany has been, for years, posing as the protector of Islam, in alliance with the Caliph. The Viceroy and Governor-General of India recently declared that German agents of disintegration were at work perverting the simple tribesmen.

IV

The Eastern Allies possess abundant materials to enable them to prevent German penetration of the Extreme East. Japan has a large army and navy, which have proved their efficiency and are susceptible of rapid extension. She also can manufacture vast quantities of munitions of all sorts. China can supply her easterly neighbor with all the raw materials that she may need for the manufacture of arms, ammunition, and war equipment. She has large deposits of iron, copper, and antimony, which enter largely into munition-making. She can, moreover, provide Japan with abundant labor to convert these materials into munitions. The Chinese, if properly trained, make efficient fighters, and a far larger army can be raised from among them than would be needed to defeat German designs in the Far East.

India's man-power is only second to that of China. According to the last census, there were 73,818,558 men between the ages of 18 and 51, or fighting age as now interpreted in this country. Even if the area of recruitment was limited to the 9,000,000 of them belonging to classes officially labeled as martial, yet a far larger force could be organized than would be needed to meet the German menace. General Sir James Willcocks, who

commanded the Indian Corps in France in 1914-15, told me, in the course of a conversation last year, that the Garhwalis, whose very existence as fighters was unknown a few years ago, fought no less gallantly than men belonging to the Indian races, classes, and castes famed for their fighting mettle from time immemorial. The Bengalis, who have been stigmatized as cowards since Lord Macaulay penned his wicked diatribe, have faced fire with a nonchalance worthy of the bravest fighters. To pursue the policy of excluding the bulk of Indian population from the army would be unfair and unwise — unfair because Indians officially classed as 'unmartial' can, and do, make good fighters; and unwise because men who would be willing to shed their last drop of blood in defense of their motherland would be excluded from the defense force.

In addition to men, India has almost inexhaustible quantities of materials for munitions. Even persons who claimed to know her potentiality have been surprised at the manner in which she has munitioned almost entirely the operations in Mesopotamia, and has supplied other theatres of war with *matériel*. Nevertheless, not much more than a beginning has been made in this respect. Even to-day, when shipping space is at a high premium and there is a great shortage of labor in Britain, vast quantities of raw materials instead of manufactured goods are leaving India. The government of India is, however, taking vigorous measures to expand India's manufacturing capacity.

No time should be lost in organizing the Eastern resources to meet the German menace to the Far East and the Middle East. Japan, China, and India are willing — nay eager — to take active measures. Japan and China have already made a military

pact to defend their mutual interests against aggression. The text of this treaty has not yet been issued; but it is clear from the details that have been published that China will have the benefit of Japan's experience in raising and equipping armies and in manufacturing munitions.

Up till the time of writing the Eastern Allies had not come to any definite understanding with the European Allies on the question of taking joint action in the Far East. The cause for delay is not far to seek. Russia is in travail, and none of the Allies, Eastern or Western, is anxious to add to her troubles. Germany is certain to misrepresent any move that the Allies may make in the Extreme East, in order to incite Russia against the Entente Powers. The Russian Far East is, moreover, very anti-Japanese. Mr. Coleman writes that he heard from many quarters in the Pri-Amur district that 'the Japanese would come to Siberia aggressively some day.' He adds that much of this animus was created by Nikolai L'vovitch Gondatti, Governor-General of Siberia at the time the Revolution broke out. These difficulties notwithstanding, I, for one, feel that in course of time a *modus vivendi* will be found to enable China and Japan to concentrate their resources upon preventing German penetration of the Far East.

The organization of Indian resources to meet the German menace to India and to India's fronts — Mesopotamia and Palestine — is a much simpler matter than the organization of forces to fight the German péril in the Extreme East. In India, the remedy lies altogether in British hands, and they do not have to obtain leave from anybody. Indians themselves are alive to the danger and anxious to strengthen the British hand in every possible manner. Indeed,

they have been agitating that sufficient use has not been made of India's man-power during the war. It is evident that their complaint is not without foundation when it is recalled that only one out of every 161 males in India has so far seen active service, whereas in Britain rather more than one out of every four males has enlisted in the army.

Two great difficulties have prevented the adequate use of India's man-power. First, the population has been artificially divided into martial and non-martial classes. Practically all Indians who were capable of understanding Britain's war aims were placed in the latter category. Second, Indians have been all but technically excluded from holding the King's commission. The latter racial bar has prevented the organization of new divisions, because there has been a great paucity of Britons who knew

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Indian vernaculars well enough to command Indian regiments. The removal of the racial bars that exclude certain Indians from the army and the bestowal of commissions upon Indians with a liberal hand would not only enable the authorities to raise and officer large armies, but would also stimulate Indian martial enthusiasm and imperial pride. Signs are extant that inspire hope that the authorities in Britain and India will rise to the occasion.

All Asia has been horrified by German outrages in Europe and Africa, and is united in the resolve to protect itself against Germany. It remains for the Allies in Europe and the United States of America to enable the East to avert the menace. Time is pressing. The task in hand in the Western theatre of war should not be allowed to obscure the Eastern menace that is rapidly, though silently, growing.

SPECTATORS

BY CLARA SMITH AND T. BOSANQUET

IX

MR. NICOLAS ROMER TO MRS. JOHN
WYCHWOOD

20, St. Leonard's Terrace,
Chelsea, S.W.,
June 22, 1914.

My dear Nanda,

It's nearly midnight, and I'm so cross and tired (there's nothing much more tiring than prolonged bad temper, is there?) that I have n't really any business to be sitting down to

answer your last letter from your fairy lands. But it will be such a comfort to get my crossness 'written off,' and you're always so nice about letting me grumble that I'm just going unrepentantly to use you! You'll be able to guess at part, though by no means all, of my justification when I tell you that the evening has been sacrificed on the altar of family feeling. You'll know, at any rate, who the high priestess must have been, even if Betty has n't had independent

news of Daisy's descent on London. My own intimation was contained in the mandate I had from her three days ago to dine with her this evening and escort her afterwards to Drury Lane. 'I understand,' she wrote, 'that there is a singer there who is being talked about. I hope I shall not be disappointed in his voice.' I thought of mentioning in my reply that I heard Mrs. Bonnamy describe Chaliapine's voice as 'pleasantly raucous.'

However, she's only up for a week, and I wanted to do anything I could to wipe off that score she has against us in connection with Easter, so I arranged to cut an official dinner — that was n't much of a sacrifice! — in order to meet her wishes. I was rather surprised when I reached the Pont Street number she had given, to find that she was installed in 'furnished apartments,' but it did n't take long to see the reason for her choice of rooms kept by a perfectly typical retired butler. It must be much easier for her to maintain the integrity of the Oaklands atmosphere there than it could be in no matter how select an hotel, where she would be impartially numbered and treated no more circumspectly than any other guest willing and able to spend an equal amount on the bill — not a bit better, in fact, than those deceitful people who borrow a little brief prestige from staying in hotels far above the normal level of their expenditure. Don't you think that perhaps those very human hypocrites are the only hotel guests who really do get satisfaction for their outlay? If social importance is so intensely desirable it must be cheap at the price!

But Daisy has n't any need to borrow social importance from hired surroundings. She carries it about with her as unweariedly as she does her own shadow, and it's much more

constantly in evidence. It was having an immense effect to-night on my two fellow guests — who constituted the part of the entertainment that I was n't at all prepared for and you won't have guessed. They were a thoroughly disagreeable surprise for me when I walked into the stuffy, cushiony, Pont Street drawing room. I did n't recognize the large, ungainly young woman as Miss Craske at first, for I only saw her in an unfocused, marginal kind of way while I was greeting Daisy; but by the time I had realized who she was and turned in her direction she disconcerted me terribly by blushing, so painfully and obviously blushing that the dismal fact could n't escape even Daisy's unobserving eyes. I saw her astonishment, veiled as it almost instantly was by a faint smile of the most irritating discretion! Naturally, she took for granted after that exhibition of emotion that I must necessarily know Miss Craske's brother, so she made no attempt to introduce the rather flabby, sleepy-looking young man. That particular situation was saved by the retired butler's announcement of dinner; but after we were all tightly fixed in our places it became terribly difficult to prevent an overpowering display of tact on Daisy's part. I did succeed in keeping the conversation general; but I nearly lost control at one point — when she turned to Craske and began to discuss her investments! Can you imagine anyone but Daisy doing that? I'm afraid I listened with the most odious attention and quite a lot of suspicion. I recalled what Dane had said about his having deserted engineering for finance, and I was sure that Daisy would swallow any gilded bait, though it was satisfactory to know that she could n't be defrauded of much. Don't you remember the outcry there was

after her father's death about her capital being mostly securely tied up? However, even if she had vast sums to flutter with she would n't come to any harm from taking the sound advice Craske seemed to be offering. I don't know what his motive was — perhaps it's just the best way he knows of ingratiating himself. He has n't been well brought up. I don't mean by that so much that his manners are positively bad as that he has to remember them all the time. The very fact that he did remember almost all the evening is itself a proof of the sincerity of his wish to please Daisy. If I had n't disliked the man's large softness and paleness so much I think I should have felt quite sorry for him. It's a real hardship not to have had a modicum of manners drilled into one at a young enough age for them to become second nature, and it's one of the most justified grudges one can have to bear against the guardians of one's childhood. I thought of Billy's suggestion that Craske 'played for influence,' and wondered at first where he could be secreting the personal force that could obtain it for him. But as the evening wore on I began to realize that there might be real power below his inert appearance and manner. Once or twice as I looked at him his whole face seemed to harden into vigor — and his sister is proof enough that grim resolution may lurk beneath a mask of languor.

She had recovered her own pallor (they both look as if they'd been grown in a cellar) by the time we sat down, and opened fire quite soon with questions about your travels. I countered them all, neatly and effectively, as I hoped, by referring them across to Daisy, who was obliged at last to give up the attempt to segregate herself and Craske. She did that the

more readily because she remembered that there was a subject she wanted to ask questions about herself.

'Elizabeth tells me,' she said, 'that she and Anne have been joined by a Mr. and Miss Dane. Who *are* they, Nicolas? She mentions Mr. Dane as a friend of yours.'

Now, as you very well know, Daisy means by 'who *are* they?' who were their parents and grandparents (all four!), and what is the precise level of their social standing. And in that way I know very little about Peter Dane and his sister. I could n't remember anything definite except that their parents were dead — I have a vague notion that their father was a professor, but I don't know what he professed. I think Dane said something about a sister married to an assistant master at Clifton, but I have n't heard of any other collateral relatives. Family trees are things I never can manage to be interested in enough to ask really leading questions about them; though when it comes to actual encounters people's relations are fascinating problems — puzzles one may always hopefully try to solve with the aid of the key one already possesses.

I could n't find anything more impressive to say about the Danes than that Miss Rosamond Dane was a well-known writer of historical monographs, and that her brother was a remarkably talented engineer. (That's true, I believe. Billy has heard him very highly spoken of.) It was n't much to Daisy's taste as information, but it was more than enough for the Crasques. They quite clawed at the name.

Miss Craske said she knew Miss Dane's books, and she had heard her speak at a Lyceum dinner.

'On what subject?' Daisy condescended to ask.

'French poetry. I don't know that

I should call her a very good speaker. She talks too fast. But perhaps it was my ignorance that made her difficult to follow.'

Daisy smiled on the admission — which I suspect to have been art rather than candor. 'I know very little about French poetry,' she announced — it was n't a confession on her lips. 'But you have n't told me yet who they *are*, Nicolas,' she went on.

'Well,' I began, trying to temporize, since I could n't hope to assuage that passion for armorial bearings, 'you see, I have n't known Dane very long.'

Craske came in at this point with, 'I used to see a lot of Dane at one time.'

('If you call sitting in the same lecture-hall "seeing" him,' I thought.)

Daisy's attention had left me now and was concentrated on him. 'Oh, he's a friend of yours? But then he must be quite a *young* man!' she exclaimed in dismay.

Craske allowed himself a faint flicker of a smile as he looked at me. Then he dropped his heavy eyelids and went on in his queer, low-pitched drawl: 'Yes, he's fairly young.' He did n't attempt to modify the imputation of friendship.

'Then no doubt you can tell me who he is,' said Daisy, making, as usual, straight for her goal.

'Well, I used to see his father sometimes. A queer old character. Quite harmless, you know, but very, very odd. Great sport to watch.'

I don't know what fiend whispered to Oswald Craske that to brand a man as eccentric was the very surest way to damn him forever in Daisy's eyes. 'Peter Dane is n't a scrap "queer,"' I said, though I knew I was a fool to let myself be drawn.

Craske looked at me again. 'Oh, no, there's nothing very noticeable about

Peter — anyhow not at first,' he said.

I had to give in then. By admitting that I had n't known Dane 'very long' I'd given Craske his opportunity, and he developed it to the full. I sat still and silent, certain that I should do the Danes infinitely more harm than good by any further intervention, but hardly able all the same *not* to speak as I watched Craske add one spiteful, clever touch to another in the production of a malicious caricature of his subject. Peter emerged as a good-natured, quixotic, rather foolish young man, with nothing whatever in him to compensate for his lack of ancestors and money and a probable tendency to all the weak-minded vices. I suppose if I had n't been there Craske might have said even more. But he was confoundedly careful to keep clear of anything I might know about, such as Peter's engineering ability. 'Of course,' he wound up, 'he's an attractive fellow superficially especially to women.'

Thank goodness, it was time to start for Drury Lane after that, and I was able to prevent a return to the topic, though I know it was occupying poor Daisy's mind all the evening. I did n't exactly blame her for that. She was brought up so very Victorian, and her first thought when she hears of a young man and young woman being in each other's company for more than half-an-hour is that they may want to marry each other. She's really very fond indeed of Betty and genuinely concerned that she shall make a 'good match.' It would be an awful catastrophe for her if Betty were to fall in love with such a young man as Oswald Craske had drawn the picture of. And I could do nothing except tell Daisy for her comfort that you were leaving Bibbiena — might, in fact, have left by this time, and would be in Switzerland, quite by

yourselves; but that did n't console her much. I could see by her expression that she was afraid the mischief might be done already! I don't know how much the Craskes enjoyed themselves and opened their hearts to Chaliapine. It was a thoroughly poisoned performance for me, and for Daisy too, I think.

There! I know I can count on all your sympathy; but you'll be ready to agree by this time that we've had quite enough of a distasteful subject. I do hope I shall never again be obliged to see either of the Craskes.

Your letter — which I can come to now with something more like a free mind — deepens and strengthens my conviction that brothers ought always to be with their sisters to give them away. I dare say you came through that discussion on principles without having committed yourself to any at all, whereas poor Miss Dane had hers dragged forth at once by Peter's fraternal hand. Did n't Betty play a sisterly part and suggest that you're almost invariably 'nice' to people yourself? It's more of a principle for you than for her, too, because you don't at all invariably like them. The only at all definite principle I can arrive at for myself is: One should keep one's promises — and of course the moral of that is that one should be careful not to make many! I'm quite sure you, as well as Miss Dane, are convinced that it's a mistake to cherish grievances against the world. There's a negative sound about that, but it represents a very positive attitude. I don't think, though, that either you or Betty need strive for it — it's a natural quality for both of you, and is no doubt one of the things that make you both 'so peculiarly charming,' to quote Mrs. Bonnamy again. I'm afraid I can't remember

more of her opinion about Betty than that she reminded her of a Nereid, or perhaps it was a Dryad; either might do!

I'll admit that a poem jointly written by Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Meynell might suggest nothing much more comfortable than an austere and noble renunciation; but Mrs. Bonnamy's model does n't at all exclude a delightful sense of humor — though it's true that your fair hair and complexion do lay you open to the danger of being too fine for material triumphs. The company of the blessed is n't as invariably golden-haired in Henry James's book as in Fra Angelico's pictures, but it's more often than not the dark angels whose ambiguous designs are apt to involve them in strangely criminal actions.

You were entirely right, of course, about church processions as well as about the looks of one's friends. I can't find it in my own heart to be sure of the inner beauty of either a religion or a human being through outward ugliness. And I suppose that commits me to disbelief in the intrinsic loveliness of any of the 'causes' which inspire those crawling caterpillars you speak of to drag their slow length to Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square on a Sunday afternoon. But how effective they might be in the hands of more imaginative organizers! The Suffragists are the only people here who have better theories about the look of their processions. Does it follow that their cause is finer than temperance or the union or the established church? Perhaps it does, but their processional ideas have n't gone far enough yet to establish a proof of very compelling power.

I'm sending this to Gétroz, where I hope you won't be disturbed by outpourings from Daisy. If she does

write reproaches I know you'll soothe her much better than I could.

Yours always,
Nicolas.

X

MRS. JOHN WYCHWOOD TO MR. NICOLAS
ROMER

Grand Hotel, Gétroz,
June 25, 1914.

My dear Nicolas,

I felt all the sympathy you could possibly wish about your misfortunes. Dinner parties with Daisy are a cross to which I shall never be really resigned, and two Craskes as fellow guests are more than anyone ought to be asked to bear. So you might have grumbled through twice as long a letter without putting any strain on my pity and affection. But you did n't, and when I turned my attention to the rest of this morning's post I was quite glad to have some pity left over for myself. For your edification I enclose the practical results on Daisy's mind of your misguided conversation — misguided only because of the end to which it has led us all, I quite see that no other road was open to you. I don't know why on earth Betty and I should both feel that there is no escape from Lady Chardale's invitation, certainly we don't agree that it is a 'great opportunity.' (What exactly does that mean, anyway? I believe Lady Chardale has a blameless and unmarried son.) I suppose it's that miserable principle of ours that we must be nice to people, so we have mournfully decided that she shall go home at the end of this week and do her social duty. The Danes have very kindly promised to be responsible for her as far as Charing Cross. Had they decided when last I wrote that they were coming to Gétroz with us? They had meant to

walk into Switzerland over the Simplon, but Rosamond's courage failed her with the increasing heat, and she was easily converted to our sensible theories about spending a leisured week in a pinewood, looking at distant glaciers. She and I really have been fairly leisured, but Mr. Dane and Betty have insisted on examining the glaciers at close quarters and getting into personal touch with the snow, though it's much cooler to sit in a meadow under a tree. I'm awfully sorry to lose Betty, she's the most charming holiday companion in the world, but I'm not coming back with her for various reasons.

Once, when I forgot how hot Paris could be in July, I wrote to Madame Generet to say I would be there from the 8th to the 15th and might I come and see her. Of course she said: 'Yes, dear child, come to Versailles for all the time you can spare,' and equally, of course, I don't feel like writing to change my mind. Committed to this, I further committed myself to picking up Sylvia Esmond in Paris on the 14th and chaperoning her back to England; I should n't know where to begin transferring this responsibility. Besides, I want to buy myself some clothes. I'm not sure whether I confessed to you that I have to spend at least seven invaluable days this summer with Hilda. My relations in step and law are truly a very great trial to me. Leonard will appreciate my Paris frocks, especially after his wife's sensible disregard of the vagaries of fashion, and Hilda will resent them most bitterly, which is the reason why they are so necessary to me. I know it's folly to imagine that I can make her understand that she resents such a thing, and if she did for one moment realize it, she could n't work out her new self-knowledge to its logical conclusion. I did n't believe

any human being could be so thoroughly and honestly deceived in its own character until I met her. The general case is that we try to disguise our real selves because we know it's not etiquette to be bad and unpleasant, and with luck — the luck of the Happy Hypocrite — this may do a great deal for our characters. But that's not Hilda's problem. She's entirely color-blind to her own soul, and I don't think anything can be done about it. If she were a Roman Catholic with an extremely clever confessor, some of the practical consequences might be averted, but that would be all. I might, however, add that that could mean much to me!

So the net result of all this is that I stay here until the 6th or 7th and then go to Paris. Switzerland is a delightful companion when you are in the right mood for her — as I am after I've been to Italy — her foregrounds are adorably pretty just now, full of pink and blue and purple flowers, and her backgrounds are, as always, beautiful and noble. I am sure she gives Americans exactly what they want from nature. And I do like her extremely myself, she offers a reliable friendship, without subtlety or inconsistency, and looks charming under all circumstances. Italy, on the other hand, was made not only for friendship but for love, so that when you *do* care for her no half measures are possible. She may be poor and squalid and dishonest, but that will not cure you of your folly.

Betty is rather dismal, poor darling, at the prospect of exchanging snow mountains and pine woods for respectable life in a July London, so if you are still there you will temper it for her as much as you can, won't you? You need n't be afraid of Lady Chardale. Of course to be Daisy's friend is an ominous beginning, but

really she is a very different person. All that's the matter with her is that she has n't a strong personality and has been too well brought up. If you persevere you'll find that she appreciates the world almost as much as you do yourself, and though it's taken her forty years at least to discover exactly how entertaining life can be, I think, considering the golden handicap of her husband's income, it's very much to her credit that she has realized it at all. She will be very nice to Betty, only Eaton Square is, in any case, rather suffocating after Switzerland, and you might be able to do something for its moral atmosphere occasionally.

I'm afraid Daisy won't consider the Danes perfectly suitable traveling companions, and I shall certainly be involved in many questions concerning them, but perhaps before we meet in the flesh I shall have evolved some diplomatic method of treating the situation. She will be horrified when she discovers that neither you nor I have found out whether any of their four grandparents were 'born' or not. I do know that one of them was French and lived at Sucy en Brie, in an old gray house with a garden full of lilac and pigeons. I wonder how she liked a desolate Yorkshire moor and its crying peewits after her sunlit gold poplars of France. She gave her grandchildren delightfully light hearts, at any rate, however exiled she may have felt at times. And the other grandmother lived in Cornwall, looking out to the sea, and that's why they have such blue eyes. Miss Dane gave me a charming description of her house (it is something to know where your ancestors lived, and to have relations still in possession, don't you think?). It's near Trevoze, with the waves always hammering against the cliffs below, and the white sea

mists blotting out everything, even the colors in the walled garden, so that they called it Whitewindows. I think you and I were badly treated never to know either of our grandmothers. These two seem to have been such a very delightful and useful kind, one to teach them French nursery rhymes, which babies always love because they are so melancholy, and the other with a Cornish sea in which to swim and play just outside her front door. I really do know a great deal about them, you see, but I don't believe Daisy will consider my information to the point. I shall have to make the most of the fact that I first met Miss Dane at that extremely respectable dinner party given by those extremely well-behaved cousins of the Esmonds — Daisy may n't approve of his poetry-writing habits, but she thinks very highly of him as a social reference — and she can't describe such an introduction as a 'picking-up'!

Miss Dane, by the way, says she wants to meet Miss Craske because she thinks she sounds 'interesting.' I've refused to indulge her morbid craving, as I don't believe in studying the grotesque in people any more than in art. Mr. Dane fortified by his old-time acquaintance with the brother, gave me his whole-hearted support, as did Betty, who has three unanswered letters from Georgina on her conscience. Of course I echo your hope that we shall never again be obliged to see either Craske, but, on the strength of your dinner party and the fact that we share unsuitable friends called Dane with them, Daisy will probably offer them to us as fellow guests next time we go to Oaklands. So be prepared.

Has she any foundations for her remark that you don't look well? Was your mental suffering so great that it reacted immediately on you physi-

cally, or are you really feeling London too much of a good thing? And you say nothing of Billy or Switzerland in this last letter, from which I imagine that you've rather given up the idea at present. Don't put off your own holiday indefinitely though for the sake of Billy and get hopelessly tired yourself. It would be a very bad plan. I know Daisy is always a pessimist on the subject of health, — only after a week at Oaklands are we allowed to look even 'better,' — but I should like you to pay some attention to this paragraph when you answer. If you embark on a journey out of England before I get back, do give me careful details and I'll meet you anywhere you like between here and London.

Yours ever,

Nanda.

117a, Pont Street,
Sloane Street, S.W.,

June 23, 1914.

My dear Anne,

I hear from Elizabeth that you and she are leaving Italy and intend to break your journey home in Switzerland. I am writing to her myself, and I take the opportunity of writing to you at the same time, to express my hope that you will not be making a very long stay at Gétroz, as Lady Chardale is anxious for Elizabeth to join her in town for a fortnight before she herself returns to the country, and this is a great opportunity for Elizabeth, of course, and I am sure you would not wish her to miss it. I do not wish, of course, to interfere in the least with your own plans, but perhaps if you do not find it convenient to come home with Elizabeth yourself you would be able to find her a *really* suitable traveling companion who would be able to bring her back safely to London, where Lady Chardale would have her met. I have told

Elizabeth to write to Lady Chardale to say when she will arrive.

Nicolas came to the opera with me last night, but I did not think him looking well. I had understood that the Mr. Dane whom you met in Italy was a friend of his, but he struck me as knowing very little about him.

One must always be careful, as I am sure, dear Anne, I need hardly warn you, about picking up traveling companions abroad. I am sure I can trust you to take every care of Elizabeth.

Believe me, affectionately yours,
Margaret A. F. Brampton.

(To be continued)

THE ADMISSION OF CAPTURED SHIPS INTO DUTCH PORTS

BY I. I. BRANTS

FOR once we have the satisfaction of getting the news of an international complication in which Holland is involved directly from our own Government instead of from outside. Reuter has sent us elaborate cables about the contents of a British *White Paper*, published officially, which treats of a disagreement of long standing concerning the admission or non-admission into our ports of hostile shipping captured by England. Reuter might have saved itself the trouble and expense, for in the *Orange Paper* published by our Government in April last, the correspondence on this point has been included *in extenso*. From the fact that the British Government now publishes a special *White Paper* devoted to the matter, one may conclude that it does not consider the subject without importance. The tone of the correspondence, is, moreover, here and there anything but pleasant; in its anger the British Government on October 5, 1917, even went so far as to conclude its last letter thus: 'Finally,

H. M. Government remarks that the question at present treated does not stand by itself as an example of the strange and unhealthy opinions in matters of international law adopted or invented by the Dutch Government during this war. That the name of "The Hague" is connected with such opinions is a matter of surprise to H. M. Government, and undoubtedly will be a serious factor to be considered when the place must be decided where, in future, conferences are to be held for establishing international law.* The parting therefore was not a very friendly one.

The question of dissension between the governments is of a very simple nature, but very difficult to answer from a point of international law. *Is a neutral state entitled to admit into its ports ships captured by a belligerent, when these sail as ordinary merchantmen?* Our Government argues in the negative, England in the affirmative.

The dispute has had a remarkable

*Retranslated from the Dutch.

history. As far back as the beginning of the war our Government refused the passage down the Scheldt to some German and Austrian ships, which had been requisitioned at Antwerp by the Belgian Government and which the British Government wanted to transport to England. These ships consequently remained at Antwerp, and shortly after fell back into the hands of the Germans. These latter then asked permission to take them to sea, to the port of Zeebrugge. This also was refused. In the case of some, an attempt was made, nevertheless. These fell into our hands and were interned. At the same time, however, German river barges, which at first had likewise been sequestered by the Belgian Government, and which afterwards through the German occupation had been returned to their original owners, were freely admitted into our country.

In March, 1916, the British Government asked whether our Government would admit into our colonial ports captured German ships just like other British merchantmen, after the prize court had decided the validity of the captures. Our Government again answered in the negative. In the summer following, the *Marie*, a ship flying the German flag, entered the port of Tandjong Priok, and soon proved to have been originally British, but to have been requisitioned by the German Government in the port of Hamburg where she was lying at the outbreak of hostilities. Although the British Government strongly denied the correctness of our Government's point of view, it none the less demanded that, as long as this latter was maintained with respect to British ships, the *Marie* likewise should be refused admittance to our ports. Our Government immediately complied, but in a way clearly not

expected by the British Government. The *Marie* was not compelled to leave the port, but the ship was interned till the end of the war. This was lucky for the ship, as in this way she was definitely safe from recapture by the British. Hence the wrath of the British Government, which continued to demand that we should admit into our ports as ordinary merchantmen all ships, whether captured by Germany or by England, and flying in consequence the British flag or the German, whenever the validity of the capture had been established beyond doubt by the verdict of the prize court.

By the end of December, 1916, our Government was confronted with the following situation: The *Hun's Trick*, originally a German ship, but captured by the British navy, entered the port of Sabang to replenish her coal supply. The ship was refused coal because she still had a sufficient supply to reach the nearest English port, and she was ordered to leave immediately. Sharp protests followed from the British Government, which not only severely criticized our attitude from a point of international law, but also appealed to the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation of 1837, which stipulates, in so many words, that all ships, captured from the enemy and duly declared lawful prizes by a British prize court, shall be considered to be British ships. Our Government did not yield in the main point, but none the less met the British demands to the extent of ordering that, in future, ships of this kind might be allowed to fill the whole of their bunkers, irrespective of the nearest port of their own country. The British Government declared itself so far content, but emphatically maintained its demand that the captured ships should be

treated exactly as other merchantmen.

The reason why it is so hard to arrive at the solution of the legal complication involving the two governments, is that neither written nor unwritten international law provides much authority for appeal, so that an analysis of principle remains the only resort. In certain respects, it is true, an appeal to previous practice is possible. The sale of captured ships in neutral lands has been generally admitted to be lawful if the prize court has validated the capture, as the ships are then considered definitely to have changed hands. It would seem that this precedent was given support by the clause, commonly occurring in commercial treaties, by which contractors mutually acknowledge each others' ship's papers, and consequently the nationality of the ships.

With respect to our relation to England special mention should be made of the treaty of 1837, to which allusion has just been made, *although it is not applicable to our colonies*. 'To avoid all misunderstanding' this treaty stipulates that all ships will be considered British ships which have been captured from the enemy by British men-of-war and have been duly declared lawful prizes by a prize court, on condition that they are owned, manned, and registered in accordance with British law. Since the beginning of the war, however, our Government has been guided by the principle that neutral powers may not tolerate on their territory the continued effect of hostile acts through which goods have fallen into the hands of one of the belligerents. This, it considers, would be implied by the admittance of captured ships into its ports. And it considers that the contested clause of the treaty of 1837 must yield to this principle.

Seeing that positive international

law does not force it, there seems reason for doubting whether our Government was well advised in proclaiming once and for all so absolute a principle. However useful it may be for neutral states in this war to coöperate in the further development of the right of neutrality, the question remains *whether it is advisable for them enormously to increase the burdens of neutrality* by proclaiming general principles of this kind. During the course of this war our Government has frequently had a share in determining the direction of this development, for instance by forbidding the admission of armed merchantmen to our ports and the telegraphic communication to one of the belligerents of observations made in our country concerning the actions of the other. In both cases irritation was caused in England, as it was the Allies who suffered most. A similar condition of affairs exists at present, for, naturally, ships captured by the Allies are the ones which will be most likely to touch our ports. Why, we would ask, has our Government not limited itself to the assertion of its authority to forbid our ports in the interest of our neutrality to ships of this kind? This would have left us free, in case of need, to come back on the prohibitory decree.

For another reason also the proclamation of such general principles from which there is no possible reversion is objectionable. The international relations engendered by a war are so various and complicated that they may rarely be controlled through a single principle, to which a government remains tied, having once pronounced it as such. One need but take into consideration the vast variety of cases to which is applicable the principle that neutral powers may not tolerate on their territory the con-

tinued effect of hostile acts through which goods have fallen into the hands of one of the belligerents. It applies to raw material requisitioned in the land-war, to barges and ships requisitioned in the land-war and, therefore, not brought before the prize court, to vessels captured at sea. A twofold distinction must be made in this case: On the one hand whether they are belligerents' ships, foreign-owned neutral ships, or our own ships; and on the other, whether or not they have been brought before a prize court. Whoever is familiar with the divergent development of the various sections of international law, frequently determined by entirely different principles, will understand the impracticability of applying a single principle to all these cases. In an argument of doctrinarians this may seem convincing enough, but the development of positive international law frequently laughs at all mechanical systemization.

But even if our Government were right in definitely formulating a principle for general application, the question remains as to the right manner of application, especially with respect to captured ships which touch our ports. Are these to be expelled or interned? Our Government took the latter alternative, thereby instituting a precedent hitherto unknown to international law: the internment of merchantmen, that is, of goods in no wise definable as instruments or material of war. In the present war this decision was very much to the advantage of Germany. Germany's captures, unable to sail anyway, thus found a welcome refuge in our ports. There they are safely kept till the end of the war. If, on the contrary, they had been forced to go to sea, they would have fallen back into the hands of the enemy. To Allied ships,

on the other hand, internment is a serious penalty.

Finally our Government has had to yield all the same. It has had to allow ships unlimited coaling facilities in our ports. Now, this hardly tallies with the rules of the Hague Convention. These prescribe that warships, entering neutral ports in case of need, may not take in more coal than required for reaching their own country's nearest port, a rule which at first our Government likewise applied to captures. If this rule merely had resulted from a *right* claimed, this reversion from a once given order need not have caused surprise, as is the case now that the rule has been proclaimed the result of our *duty* as a neutral power. Moreover, why should coal be taken in and other goods excluded?

We need not enter into further details concerning the question of international law itself, but one more remark is necessary. This is another instance of a dispute, which has been pending several years on end and which has been the cause of serious trouble, as has the sand and gravel question. It is true that England has not resorted on this occasion to reprisals. Well, just as then everyone was struck by the fact that our Government had not tried to settle the dispute through arbitration, so likewise it is noteworthy that this time, in the prolonged correspondence, the word arbitration has not once been mentioned. Yet on this occasion there is much more reason for a proposal coming from our side than in the case of the sand and gravel question. For at that time the conflicting interests of both England and Germany were concerned in the dispute, while legally Germany was not obliged to arbitrate, as between her and ourselves a general treaty of this kind

does not exist. This time, on the contrary, we have really only to deal with England, Because of our general treaty, prolonged in the course of this war, she is obliged to submit to arbitration all disputes with our country. Then why has our Government not made a proposal with this end in view? Generally speaking the decision would leave us indifferent. It is indeed possible that a decision in favor of England might be even more satisfactory to us than one in our own. For one thing, whatever furthers navigation is identical with our interests. And secondly, it would indeed be somewhat incongruous *if, later on, the principle proclaimed by our Government were to force us to refuse admittance to our own ships, requisitioned by America*

From the Amsterdam Handelsblad

and England and bringing us wheat under the flag of these countries. The possibility certainly remains that England might refuse arbitration. Then, however, our position would be much stronger than at present. For now we can but maintain our point of view by having recourse to argument, scornfully termed by England the invention of new theories, for which we lack the basis of positive international law. Nor would it be without importance to the cause of arbitration if we on our part showed that we at least consider it a suitable means for settling international disputes. In the States General this has repeatedly been pointed out to our Government, which remains persistingly oblivious.

THE POETRY OF FRANCIS LEDWIDGE*

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE, coming from Irish peasant stock, for some time living so that his publisher could advertise him as 'The Scavenger Poet,' joined the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers in 1914, and was killed in Flanders in 1917, at the age of twenty-five, leaving two books of poems and the material for a third, which has since been published.

To these volumes Lord Dunsany has contributed intimate little prefatory notes, full of generous delight in a new poet's work. His preference for individual poems is a matter

over which we may differ pleasantly enough; it is no small distinction for any man to have known the shy footfall of genius when it came, and Lord Dunsany has proved his critical sense in the best of all ways. It is with nothing but respect and gratitude for his charming and courageous godparentage that we question his opinion at a crucial point in his very brief analysis of Ledwidge's poetic quality. He says, in introducing the poet's first book:

I have looked for a poet among the Irish peasants because it seemed to me that almost only among them was in daily use a diction worthy of poetry, as well as an

* *Songs of the Fields* (1916); *Songs of Peace* (1917); *Last Songs* (1918). Three volumes, with introductions by Lord Dunsany. Herbert Jenkins.

imagination capable of dealing with the great and simple things that are a poet's wares. Their thoughts are in the spring-time, and all their metaphors fresh. . . .

Ledwidge, he concludes, is the poet for whom he has been looking. We believe that underlying this passage is a misconception in general aesthetics, and that the definition arising from it demonstrably fails to fit the particular case of Ledwidge. In its profounder issues poetry depends little enough on the artificial — but not therefore negligible or worthless — culture that a man absorbs from the prosperous condition of his descent and his own early advantages of society and education. In the process, however, by which a poet comes to the final realization of his faculty such things are of considerable moment, and the nature of their influence is not such as is commonly supposed. Every poet, if he is to do work of any consequence at all, has to find himself through tradition; that is an unescapable condition of his function. Native wood-notes wild are no more of the most natural lyrist's untutored sounding than is the bird's ecstasy unaware of the generations, and almost invariably the personal ease of the young poet's song depends upon the degree of intimacy with the poetic resources of his tongue that he has acquired unconsciously by natural inheritance and early association. The most mannered early verse, after the merely imitative period, is nearly always the work of poets with no assimilated knowledge of literature in their blood, who have suddenly become conscious of examples that others have never lacked. One cannot help contrasting with Ledwidge the case of poets such as Mr. Robert Graves and Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, who set out upon their poetic careers at twenty, having already made in the progress of boyhood the sound adjustment to

tradition, the necessity of which some of us had to waste several precious years of early manhood in laboriously perceiving and meeting. It is they, and not Ledwidge, who fetch their first proper tunes to their own easy impulses, assured of a technical behavior that they need not strain at. There are, no doubt, earlier poems by Ledwidge than any that Lord Dunsany has published, but we may take it that in *Songs of the Fields* we have the first work of any personal character. And from this through the three volumes nothing is more notable in the poet's external habit than his certain progress from a manner heavy with self-conscious discovery of English poetry, through which his genius struggles often but brokenly to its own gesture, to clear deliverance from this tardy constraint, when he writes of his own simple and lovely world with no touch of untutored circumstance, but in the sweetest and most delicate tradition of English song.

Whether these poems are printed in chronological order we are not told, though the dates given in the last volume suggest that they are, and they are certainly so arranged as to show direct continuity of development. From the beginning there are signs of imaginative waywardness and of the suddenness of inspired thought that are unmistakable in their meaning. On the first page we find, 'And the sweet blackbird in the rainbow sings'; and the presence of poetry is clear. But for long the smallest flight is marred by the mannered or insincere turn. The wind 'like a swan dies singing,' the dusk is velvet, the moon is a pilgrim, the harebells ring. Not yet, either, can he use such a word as 'sublime' in 'Ah! then the poet's dreams are most sublime,' with any of the sureness that belongs to mastery. In his anxiety to do well by

the demands of poetry for significant figures, moreover, he falls at first often into triviality and sometimes into real *gaucherie*. The 'woodbine *lassoing* the thorn' is as unimpressive as the crane watching the troutlets' circles grow 'as a smoker does his rings,' and there is the same kind of poverty in 'Autumn's crayon.' Worse than these, as indicating some deeper defect of judgment, from which, however, he wholly recovered, are such phrases as 'fog of blossom,' and 'facefuls of your smiles.' Another uncertainty in his earliest work comes from the occasional confusion — by no means unknown in poets of far greater experience and power — of scientific knowledge with vision. It would be interesting to know something of Ledwidge's adventures in learning; one imagines that his eager mind, something after boyhood, went through a phase of delight in mere contact with formal instruction, and that for a little while to know a fact was as exciting as to realize a thing. Out of such a mood surely comes the little town's 'octagon spire toned smoothly down,' which is strangely what poetry is not; and yet he could turn his learning sometimes in his verse to right account, as in, 'When will was all the Delphi I would heed.'

These are indications in particular of the general directions in which the first book is weak. Against them, even among the poems that fail in any complete effect, are to be set many tender and exact felicities, such as:

And like an apron full of jewels
The dewy cobweb swings. . . .

Or again:

And in dark furrows of the night there
tills
A jeweled plough. . . .

Or, speaking of a poet,

And round his verse the hungry lapwing
grieves

Professor de Selincourt recently reminded us of the wonder of two simple words in Milton's

Which cost Ceres *all that pain*. . . .

There is a kindred beauty in this young Irishman's

Then when the summer evenings fall serene,
Unto the country dance his songs repair,
And you may meet *some* maids with angel
mien,
Bright eyes and twilight hair.

To these may be added

And when the sunny rain drips from the
edge
Of midday wind, *and meadows lean one
way* . . .

and the thought of April who

Will have a cuckoo on her either shoulder. . .

and the slight, surprising mastery of

I watch an apple-spray
Beekon across a wall as if it knew
I wait the calling of the orchard maid.

It is interesting to note that of the half-dozen or so poems in *Songs of the Fields* that have a legendary or historical source, all but one have little to distinguish them from the exercises of a true poet, while that one is, unexpectedly, the most completely successful poem in the volume. The explanation is, probably, that the set subject-matter at once subdued the natural play of his genius, and, by keeping him intent on an external responsibility, held him from the excesses to which he was yet liable in his freer meditation. And so, when with such a theme his faculty did for once break through restraint and soar above the occasion, as it did in *The Wife of Llew*, he wrote what seems to me, if the arrangement of the book is significant, to be his first delicate masterpiece:

They took the violet and the meadow-sweet
 To form her pretty face, and for her feet
 They built a mound of daisies on a wing,
 And for her voice they made a linnet sing
 In the wide poppy blowing for her mouth.
 And over all they chanted twenty hours.
 And Llew came singing from the azure
 south
 And bore away his wife of birds and flowers.

It is fragile, a thing partly of the fancy; it has not the vivid and intimate contact with reality that was to make some of the later songs of such fine bearing in their little compass, but it is a lovely device, surely made. There are three other poems in this first volume that may be chosen for their rounded achievement as distinct from occasional excellence: *The Coming Poet* (though the first stanza is hardly good enough for the second), *Evening in February*, and *Growing Old*, with its perfect conclusion:

Across a bed of bells the river flows,
 And roses dawn, but not for us; we want
 The new thing ever as the old thing grows
 Spectral and weary on the hills we haunt.
 And that is why we feast, and that is why
 We're growing odd and old, my heart and I.

Songs of the Fields is a book full of expectancy. The reader leaves it in the assurance of an impulse that will overcome all its difficulties, and break presently from hesitant and alloyed grace into sure and bright authority. The development came, beautifully, and, in a few happy moments of complete liberation, to the height of promise, but it was won with tragic difficulty in the preoccupation into which the poet was called, and in which he was finally to perish. *Songs of Peace* issued after an interval of a year, and presumably containing work most of which was written in that time, opens with Ledwidge's longest poem, 'A Dream of Artemis.' Here and there are slack lines, as, 'Such music fills me with a joy half pain,' and the poem generally, although it

has dignity, and although its 'Hymn to Zeus,' has lovely touches in it, is unimportant in the body of the poet's work. From a word in Lord Dunsany's preface, however, we gather it to be of earlier composition than the rest of the book. The short lyric, 'A Little Boy in the Morning,' has a first verse of lucky gayety that is hardly maintained in the second. Then follows a series of poems under divisional headings, 'In Barracks,' 'In Camp,' 'At Sea,' 'In Serbia,' and so on, in which for many pages disappointment seems to be the destined end of our hopes. Still we have the frequent witness that here is a poet of the true endowment:

The skylark in the rosebush of the dawn,
 a beautiful image that he uses twice,
 by the way — or the right sort of
 particularity in:

Dew water on the grass,
 A fox upon the stile . . .

but still the full and easy realization of the manifest gift is deferred. The earlier blemishes are seldom present — it is but once and again we come across words of such relaxed imagination as 'filigree,' and yet the positive advance in creation waits. Then, towards the end of the book, we come to a poem headed, 'Thomas McDonagh,' of which Lord Dunsany says, 'Rather than attribute curious sympathies to this brave young Irish soldier, I would ask his readers to consider the irresistible attraction that a lost cause has for almost any Irishman.' The political equation in the matter does not concern us here, nor does it concern anybody in the presence of what happens to be Ledwidge's first encompassing of profound lyric mastery. Its occasion was, certainly enough, an accident; we know that these enfranchisements of the spirit are dependent

upon no outward circumstance. Here is the poem:

He shall not hear the bitter cry
In the wild sky, where he is lain,
Nor voices of the sweeter birds
Above the wailing of the rain.

Nor shall he know when loud March blows
Thro' slanting snows her fanfare shrill,
Blowing to flame the golden cup
Of many an upset daffodil.

But when the Dark Cow leaves the moor
And pastures poor with greedy weeds,
Perhaps he'll hear her low at morn
Lifting her horn in pleasant meads.

The first stanza seems to me to be flawless, the second to have one slightly insensitive phrase—'fanfare shrill'—and an epithet in the last line that, while it is exactly appropriate, is somehow not perfectly used, while in the last stanza the precisely significant 'greedy weeds' falls doubtfully on the ear. For the rest, it is a poem of that limpid austerity that comes only from minds slowly but irresistibly disciplined to truth. Its inspiration is a quality that, while it is immeasurably precious to those who can perceive it, escapes the sense of many altogether. It has mystery, but it is the mystery of clear modulation and simple confidence, not that other mystery of half-whispered reticence and the veiled image; it is at once lucid and subtle, and it has the repose of vision, not of fortunate dream; it is of the noon, not of the dusk. Preferences in these matters are temperamental; there will always be many more to divine the spirit of wonder in the depths and distances of a Corot than in the flat perspicuousness of a Cotman, but for some the very ecstasy of revelation is touched by the Norwich drawing-master. So it is with poetry; the shy song, the shadow-haunted, with its ghostly quavers and little reluctances, makes its own gentle and enchanted appeal, but for some

of us it often leaves half created what in intention was but to be half said. For us, the power of presenting, in hard and definite outline, experience perfectly adjusted by the imagination to figures of reality, with imagery that never denies its relation to some intellectual concept and design by claiming sufficiency for itself, is the most hardly won and richest gift of poetry. It was to this power that Ledwidge's development moved, in the poem just quoted, where he comes first to its unquestionable exercise. Like all fine verse, it needs to be read not in silence only, but also aloud.

From this point in *Songs of the Fields* we have two other poems, 'The Wedding Morning' and 'September,' of, perhaps, as rare a quality, and two others, 'Thro' Bogac Ban' and 'The Blackbirds,' of almost equal attainment, and in 'Last Songs' at least half the poems are written with assured lyric maturity and lightness. 'Autumn,' 'Pan,' 'To One Who Comes Now and Then,' and 'Had I a Golden Pound,' are, it may be, the most striking of them. This is the last named:

Had I a golden pound to spend,
My love should mend and sew no more.
And I would buy her a little quern
Easy to turn on the kitchen floor.

And for her windows curtains white,
With birds in flight and flowers in bloom,
To face with pride the road to town,
And mellow down her sunlit room.

And with the silver change we'd prove
The truth of Love to life's own end,
With hearts the years could but embolden,
Had I a golden pound to spend.

The book, which, as a whole, is decidedly the poet's best, has little of the war in it, and only once, in the charming 'Soliloquy,' is there a martial note, and there it is sounded in a slightly conventional contrast with a gayer mood. His songs, here as in

the beginning, are almost always of the quiet fields of Ireland or the quiet fields of the mind, and his tenderness for this tranquil and fertile world was not, as it has so often and less significantly been, the fruit of reaction against the squalor and confusion of war. He went to France bearing it in his heart, and there it prospered, in witness of his natural vocation, until he was killed.

Such a gift as that of a few lovely lyrics was at no time greatly esteemed by the world, and in these days, although love of beauty is by no means rare, indifference often smoulders into open hostility. And yet the world's esteem is so little a thing, and beauty so durable, asking but a little companionship. Ledwidge's poems gain nothing from that other gift that he so devotedly gave, that we so forlornly receive. That the world should spend a poet so may be the tragic necessity of the time's folly, and the poet himself least of all would make dispute about it. But nothing justifies the world's pitiable pretense that in making the supreme sacrifice the poet exalts and sanctifies his art; nothing is meaner than the appropriation to our own hearts of the glory of the soldier's death — a glory which is his alone. It is ours to keep him in remembrance, to realize, it may be, the courage that was his; but the continual insistence not that his devotion is splendid, but that it is upon us that his devotion may splendidly bestow itself, is contemptible. Ledwidge died heroically: that I can reflect with deep reverence; that he died for me I can remember only in forlorn desolation and silence. But his poetry exalts me, while not so his death. And it is well for us to keep our minds fixed on this plain fact, that when he died a poet was not transfigured, but killed, and his poetry not magnified, but

blasted in its first flowering. People, says Lord Dunsany in a letter, 'seemed to think that one poet dead more or less did n't much matter.' So many people, indeed, find in a poet's untimely death an emotional excitement, which if they were honest with themselves they would have to confess was far from being wholly unhappy, that is more vivid than anything else that they ever get from poetry at all, and if the untimely death is also a noble one, yet more punctual is this facile compassion for the arts. But to those who know what poetry is, the untimely death of a man like Ledwidge is nothing but calamity. There are indeed poets who, dying young with what seems measureless promise unrealized, we may yet feel to have so far outrun the processes of nature in early achievement that the vital spirit could no longer support the strain. Keats was such a one; the constructional perfection of the odes alone bears witness to an intellectual disciplining of genius so far beyond the normal reach of what was but boyhood, that nature had to sink exhausted under the pressure, and there was, perhaps, little of unhappy accident in the stroke that was but an inevitable squaring of the account. In other words, I cannot but think, however profitless such surmise may be, that if Keats had lived to mature manhood, the poetry of his first youth would have been of far less grandeur than it is. But nothing of this can be said of Ledwidge. His development was slow, and, while it was certain enough, it moved with no remarkable concentration nor to fierce purposes. He was cultivating his glowing lyrical gift with tranquil deliberation to exquisite ends, and nothing is clearer than that when he died he had but begun to do his work. His future was plainly marked. Already he had come

through the distractions of imitation to a style at once delightedly personal and in the deepest and richest traditions of English lyric poetry. It is, perhaps, strange that his Irish nature should have sung its homeland in a manner that is, it seems to me, not Irish at all, but so it is. He was coming, in a few songs had come, to mastery in the succession of Wyatt and Herrick and Marvell and the lyrical Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold, and such later poets as Mr. Davies and Mr. Hodgson. And across his gentle maturing, with no providence of beauty won beyond the common achieve-

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ment of poets thus young, death came violently, with no healing, against nature. His own September of the year came in his life before spring had well gone:

Still are the meadowlands, and still
Ripens the upland corn,
And over the brown gradual hill
The moon has dipped a horn.

The voices of the dear unknown,
With silent hearts now call,
My rose of youth is overblown
And trembles to the fall.

My song forsakes me like the birds
That leave the rain and gray,
I hear the music of the words
My lute can never say.

JULIE

BY C. KENNETT BURROW

CONTENT of mind and a certain unexpected steadfastness of soul have come to Sergeant O'Reilly. Those quiet days in the lock-keeper's house by the slow river, days at first filled with solitary and bitter brooding over his hurt, brought him at last to the borders of a new world, which was in effect symbolized in the lock-keeper's little garden. O'Reilly has become a gardener. A friend of mine living not far from town had need of a gardener, and the fact that O'Reilly had only half the use of one of his arms was an additional recommendation. Moreover, a cottage went with the job, and it was in this cottage that I saw O'Reilly one evening a month after his installation.

The change in him was extraordinary. A good deal of the child had

always remained in him, but now he was a different kind of child. He showed me over the four rooms of his cottage (one was still unfurnished) with a pride so simple and delightful that I found myself wondering how this new O'Reilly had, as it were, been born.

When the curtains were drawn, the lamp lit, and a fresh log laid on the fire, we sat facing each other across the white-stoned hearth. It was then that O'Reilly unburdened himself.

"'T is a good life for a man," he said, "an' a brave life; sure, 't is a kind of a fight, too. There's times the ground's that stubborn you'd think it had its teeth set agin you, an' there's times when it's as pretty-mannered as a girl. 'T was in my blood to have a fancy for the land, but the thought of

it was away from me for many a long year.'

'At the long last, Dennis,' I said, 'it's often good to return to the old things.'

'That's the truth.' He was silent for a time. His gaze wandered round the room, which had already become to him an intimate possession, and then his eyes returned to the flame-licked log.

'You'll be wonderin', maybe, why I did n't go back to the old place.'

'I confess,' I said, 'that I thought you'd look to Balgoyle when once your mind was made up.'

'Is it not look at it? Bedad, I looked an' I looked. An' the more I looked the farther away it seemed. 'T was as if I'd dreamed of Balgoyle, an' there was no such place in the world.'

'But it's a real place, is n't it?'

'It was,' said O'Reilly, 'but would it be the same now? An' there's this about it, too; if Balgoyle's the same, I'm not.'

'You mean you would n't see it with the same eyes?'

'Faith, would I see it at all?' After a pause he continued: 'In them times at Balgoyle I was no more than half a man, a gossoon with the wind an' the sunshine in my heart. The stones in the river were n't stones to me, but jools tumbled out of the sky. Sure, the salmon would n't sing for me now. An' then there was Biddy Moran, an' she light on her heels like a deer, an' the eyes of her fit to draw the soul out of any man, let alone a young thing like me. But she'd never a thought of Dennis O'Reilly, an' he worshipin' her like a holy saint, God forgive him! . . . Balgoyle's away from me forever. When man begins stirrin' up the past there's queer things comes to the top.' He made a gesture as though finally to dismiss Balgoyle.

Then he sat back in his home-made chair and looked at me.

'This is all very well,' I said, 'but are you sure it will work?'

'There's the one way,' O'Reilly said, with that new look in his eyes, 'an' that's beginnin' all over again. Not but what I'll need to go back a bit of the way, but not so far as Balgoyle an' the black days that kem after.'

'I see you've another story to tell,' I said.

'Why would n't I, then, an' me a teller of stories all my life?' I waited and presently O'Reilly, leaning forward again with his eyes on the fire, made the new beginning clear.

'Away beyond in France,' he said, 'there's good things to remember an' black things to forget. I've seen what I'd tell no mortal soul, an' I'll get out of the tellin' on the Last Day if so be there's a wink of a chance. But the brave things an' the pretty things! . . . There was a rest camp alongside of a river, as quite a place, barrin' the guns away off in front, as you'd find in a year's marchin'. An' there was little farms, an' a mill or two, nursin' the bank. Faith, one time the place must have had the look of a picture. An' 't was like a picture Julie was when I first saw her beatin' clothes on a stone by the water. The sun was on her, you understand, an' a bit of a wind rippled her hair same as it rippled the river, an' she with never a thought but of the washin'. She straighted up when I spoke, an' dropped the wooden thing they beats the clothes with, an' the look in her eyes put a kind of hunger on me. 'T was as if I'd been wantin' something all my life, an' there it was at last, an' yet 't was as far off as ever. Maybe you've had that same feelin' yourself?'

'I have,' I said.

'Well, there was n't a day after that but I saw Julie. Her two brothers were killed, but she worked as if she'd have the wee place neat as a pin against they came back. 'T is my belief that the strength of them went into her. The old grandmother could do no more than a child, an' she was n't left long.'

O'Reilly got up from his chair and went to the oak chest, from which he took carefully a little packet tied round with a yellow cigar ribbon. He returned to his seat, and sat with the packet clasped in his injured hand.

'I saw her again,' he said, 'before I left the rest camp, an' by that time I'd my tongue again. 'T is an easy thing to make love, but faith, 't was n't easy to make Julie understand. I had the words right enough, but they went astray in my mouth. She did n't clearly take the meanin' till I was away an' wrote to her, an' that was after I stopped the iron.'

'So she knows all about it?'

'That, an' every twist of my mind,' said O'Reilly. 'Her letters are here in my hand this minute. They're for no eye but my own, but that's her writin' you see on the outside. Now, when I'd fixed to leave Balgoyle behind there was the one way, as I said, an' that was to begin again; an' Julie's the beginnin'.'

'Is it all arranged?'

'It is, glory be to God! She'll be here inside of a month. I'll see her in this blessed room, an' she with my ring on her hand smilin' at me. She's been lonely as a thrush in a cage. . . . Faith, she's better in a garden than ever I'll be!'

* * * * *

I was not present at Sergeant O'Reilly's wedding. He sent me an invitation, but I was not sure that he wished me to accept it. Reading between the lines, I had a fancy that

he desired to postpone my introduction to the French girl he had married until he had her safe, as it were, in the new home. Anyway, it would have been difficult for me to get down, and the excuse I made was no invention.

A fortnight later a letter arrived to which only one answer was possible. It was a joint epistle, though the mind that framed it and the hand that wrote were O'Reilly's and the first signature at the end was 'Julie O'Reilly.' The flourish under this had obviously been added by him; there was a kind of triumph about it. And there was triumph, too, in the thrice-repeated 'herself and me' which he managed to get in as parenthetical notes. 'Herself and me,' indeed, practically demanded my presence on a certain afternoon, and I went down, feeling, perhaps foolishly, a little diffident and embarrassed.

I shall not easily forget my first sight of Julie O'Reilly. O'Reilly met me on the road half-way from the station, and, passing the side of the house, we came upon Julie in the little front garden, standing among the swaying gold of daffodils with an almond tree alight with blossom above her head. I had a sudden thrill, a leaping back of memory to just such another picture which I had seen near Noyon in the spring before the war. There were differences, of course, but I caught at the impression that I had seen Julie before, and I still cling to it, though entirely without reason.

The dark eyes that Julie turned upon us had a deep gravity, but when they rested upon O'Reilly they lit up into a kind of steady glow. The whole effect, indeed, of his presence upon her was one of lighting up. Her girlish comeliness — it was hardly beauty — seemed to kindle into something above itself, something beyond beauty, more confident and serene.

'T is yourself looks well there, Julie,' O'Reilly said. 'T is as if the place was made for you. An' sure there's that about daffodils brings good thoughts to a man.' My introduction was effected in the words: 'Herself, God bless her! Mistress O'Reilly, by the powers! To think of that now, an' she the one out of all the world to lift the latch an' stay!'

If Julie in the garden had seemed to be spiritualized, Julie in the kitchen living room was entirely practical and self-reliant. O'Reilly and I sat in the two easy chairs and watched her moving about the little room in the preparation of supper, as we might have watched some manifestation of nature, with wonder and great content. And from time to time O'Reilly, leaning forward, made comments and communications to me which Julie must certainly have heard, though it is possible she did not take them all in.

'Och, she's a way with her! The touch of her on a cabbage gives it a heart. 'T is like a miracle! I'm not all for the French cooking, mind you; there's things I've tasted out there put a chill on me. . . . See, now, how she handles that pot! 'T is not a shove an' a sharp word, but kind treatment, the way she deals with O'Reilly. She's the strength of two in them hands, but her touch on me's like a flower for lightness. Sure, 't is herself has the way with her, like rest to a tired man.'

Julie and the supper, together with a sun-pendulum clock, and a few other treasures which she had brought with her, produced an atmosphere which almost made me forget that this was not, indeed, France. And I had the same feeling when, after the meal was over, O'Reilly and I were sent into the garden, out of the way, while Julie cleared things up.

'I feel,' I said, 'as though I were in France.'

'But you're not, then, praise be to God! Herself's like that sometimes. The mind's a queer thing, an' takes a man where it likes.'

'Or where he likes,' I suggested.

The light faded as we talked, the color went out of the almond blossom, the daffodils grew pale as the ghosts of flames. We fell into silence for a time. The quietness of the place was almost too complete; it might have been shut out from the world of strife and living men.

'T is time that herself was puttin' a match to the lamp,' O'Reilly said. He moved softly to the window and looked in. Then he beckoned to me.

'That's the way she'll sometimes sit,' he said, 'an' it is n't here she is then.' Julie was sitting before the fire, the glow of it on her face, in an attitude so rigidly upright as to suggest a strained expectancy. It was as though she waited for some sign. 'The mood's on her,' O'Reilly continued. 'I'm troubled whether 't is best to break it or leave her be.'

We went in and took our old seats at either side of the hearth, while she sat between us with the glow on her face, and behind and about her the soft shadows of the early spring dusk.

'Is it away beyond you were, Julie?' O'Reilly asked gently.

'It was then,' she said. She had picked up some of his turns of speech, and they fell very prettily from her lips. 'But do not think that I sorrow for being here. It is not that at all. I am at home now; home is your good word. Oh, yes, I am at home.'

'You are, glory be,' said O'Reilly. She leaned towards him and took his uninjured hand in hers, stroking it with those work-hardened fingers

which were so soft to him. 'Sure, 't is spoilin' me, you are, an' me a strong man in spite of all.'

'A strong man,' she said, 'and a good man.'

'Come now, as to that . . . ' said O'Reilly.

'Good to me,' she said, 'and better than the brothers I left behind, sleeping in their own land. It is only sleeping; I know that well. And in the dusk, when the work's done, I think they may awake and call me, like they did from the fields. That's why I sit listening, Dennis.'

'Ah, well, maybe you're right,' O'Reilly said. 'I would n't say a word to trouble any soul's belief. But don't

be dwellin' on it, Julie, for that's the bad way.'

'There's comfort in it,' she said. 'I know it's in this world I have to live, and it will always be happy with you. But never be angry with me because I remember those over there.'

'Angry!' O'Reilly said. And he almost choked on the word.

Julie rose and lit the lamp. It was then that I saw her standing by the dresser as I had imagined I might see her when O'Reilly had first spoken of her. My fancy had not been far astray. Yet the woman I looked at now was something better, perhaps nobler, than I had pictured. 'Herself' was a fit mate for O'Reilly.

The Manchester Guardian

THE FALLACY ABOUT THE FOURTH OF JULY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL was probably not selected to speak on the Fourth of July, in the hope that simple Americans might identify him with one of their national novelists. But he probably was selected on the theory that he himself was a sort of heraldic hybrid; a griffin compounded of the British Lion and the American Eagle. He is not an Anglo-Saxon; for that monster is far more mythical than any griffin. But he is an Anglo-American, though only in a certain sense and of a certain type; the type only too prone to call itself Anglo-Saxon. I suppose it is vain to point out to him that calling one's self an Anglo-Saxon was only one of the dustiest, dullest, and dearest ways of

calling one's self a German. Nobody ever heard of such nonsense till Teutonism took possession of our schools; and dim and rudimentary traces of lost tribes were taken more seriously than a forest of historic facts. It was a wonder they did not tell Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Balfour to embrace because they were both Jutes; or announce that the real name of England must henceforth be Jutland. In practice Anglo-Saxonism did come to represent a real strand in Anglo-American life, which we ought doubtless to value, though not to idolatrise or to isolate. It meant a certain kind of Anglo-American, and one constantly crossing the Atlantic. An Anglo-Saxon, for instance, is generally well-

dressed; he used to wear a top-hat and a frock coat, and now wears whatever may be the correct substitutes for these things. Lord Reading is an Anglo-Saxon. His very title ought, no doubt, to be sufficient to show this; with its rugged old Saxon ending and its territorial root in Wessex. 'Jack Johnson' is also a very Anglo-Saxon name. To do the famous pugilist justice, however, he seems to be rather proud than otherwise of his real race; and it is rather the Judaic Jute who really wants watching. Anglo-Saxonism in this sense, in short, means merely a more or less useful relation between certain of the rich in England and America; and of this Mr. Winston Churchill is a real representative; much more than he is of the voters of Dundee.

I am not disposed to quarrel with Mr. Winston Churchill's speech as a speech on the war. I would forgive him a great deal for the one vital and valuable assertion that the Prussian must feel he is conquered. That is the psychological common sense of the whole question. It is idle to discuss whether the defeat of Prussia is necessary to our war aims; the defeat of Prussia is the first and most indispensable of all our war aims. We are at war with a legend; the legend that Prussianism makes a nation invincible; and if that legend survives it really does not much matter what else perishes. Nor is it less right and necessary in religion and morals; despite the chorus of tearful agnostics who daily implore us to be Christians. Heathens as we are in many ways, it is exactly in this respect that we really are being Christians. It might merely be a pagan necessity that the tyrant should be conquered; it is strictly a Christian necessity that he should feel conquered. The one contribution which that particular creed

could possibly make to the problem is that he must lose his pride as well as his power. The idea is called expiation; and anybody who does not understand the word expiation certainly does not understand the word Christianity. That is probably why he uses it so much.

But though I have no quarrel with Mr. Churchill's politics or ethics, I am driven into desperate revolt against his history. To sum up the matter, he seems to have maintained that the Americans wrote the Declaration of Independence to express their attachment to the British Constitution. All the democracy they declared had been declared before by an apostolic succession of English Whigs. Burke was a democrat, Hampden was a democrat. The barons who attacked the early Plantagenets were democrats. All this is wildly wide of the mark, and merely proves that our politicians repeat the word democracy when they might just as well say Deuteronomy or demonology. Burke was not a democrat; he was the very reverse of a democrat, but he had the slight advantage over our statesmen of knowing what democracy means. He knew it and detested it; they cannot even conceive it, and therefore they weary the whole world with the word. Burke may in a sense have agreed with Washington; he certainly did not agree with Jefferson. He knew why he did not agree with him; and the reason is as clear as Jefferson's own statement. It is simply that the Declaration of Independence is not founded on Magna Charta; but on the *Contrat Social*. But what do our politicians know about the *Contrat Social*? What do they know, for that matter, about the Declaration of Independence? The words, even if they have read them, probably convey about as much to the politicians who rule

England as they would to the politicians who lost America. They would have been almost as likely to inspire King George as Mr. George; and would have been rather clearer to Lord North than to Lord Northcliffe.

Now all this is very unfortunate; because it spoils the real good in an alliance between two great nations. The true advantage would lie in their learning from each other's differences; not in their professing to be precisely the same. This method simply amounts to our telling the American he is a very fine fellow because he is really an Englishman. His institutions are only good because they are our institutions; and our institutions, therefore, have not much to learn from his. This is exactly as if an American only admired Lincoln Cathedral because, if it were a little taller, it might do for a sky-scraper in New York. He would hardly learn much about Gothic architecture; and we shall not learn much about Jeffersonian democracy. The whole plain point of Jefferson was that he did exactly what Burke, equally plainly, refused to do. He went back to first principles, and founded his politics on the nature of man and, for that matter, on the nature of God. The latter point is far too little noted in connection with the republican theorists of the eighteenth century. The existence of God was as necessary to Robespierre as his non-existence was necessary to Frederick the Great. Now this abstract idealism may have been excessive in America as in France. But it most certainly was never excessive in England; and it most certainly did not come from England. Those of us who believe it was, on the whole, *true* will naturally desire it to come to England; where there has never been enough of it. The present alliance with America,

like the present alliance with France, is a very real opportunity for permitting it to come to England; but speeches like Mr. Churchill's do not permit it to come. So long as we go on pretending that we taught democracy to the Americans, we cannot be expected to learn it from them.

There really are things that America might learn from England; such things as I have symbolized under the figure of Lincoln Cathedral. There is even a certain historic type of liberty to be thus learned. But if we simply use the word 'democracy' as a dead sign for two different things, we create mere cross purposes. The Englishman and the American are quite as much at cross purposes as if they were both talking about 'Lincoln,' and the Englishman meant the great cathedral while the American meant the great President. By the time that one of them was trying to imagine a man with a west front, and the other was trying to imagine a church with a chin-beard, they would have reached something like the world of wild chimeras, in which it would be possible to imagine Edmund Burke as a democrat. And the fact that some of us, including myself, happen to have a great admiration for Lincoln in both senses, would hardly lighten the tension of so tangled an interview. Unless we wish the relations of the two Allies to remain similarly tangled, we must straighten them out by a somewhat clearer comprehension of what was really the contribution of America, and what the contribution of England. No one disputes that England did make a contribution to America; nor have I here disputed that she may well make further contributions. The point for the moment is that what England certainly did not contribute and what America certainly did contribute, was the creed

or abstract dogma of democracy. Hampden and the men who invoked Magna Charta did not stand for this, and would have been very much surprised to be told that they did. They stood, broadly speaking, for the very tenable tradition that a squire is a more natural representative of the nation than a king. To suggest that Jefferson meant no more than this is really to suggest that Jefferson meant nothing; certainly nothing worthy of the great schism that he defended and defined. For this sham assimilation is specially unsuitable to the very nature of that violent breach which

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our orators have accepted as ultimately beneficent. They put themselves in the position of penitent pupils who are really glad that they were beaten. But what is the use of their being beaten if they are not taught? What is the use of their losing a continent, only to gain a creed that they had before? The truth is that they did not hold it before, and do not hold it now, and if ever it enters this country (as I hope it may) it will enter aristocratic England exactly as it entered autocratic France: fair as the sun, clear as the moon, but terrible as an army with banners.

THE PRESIDENT'S PEACE

AFTER over a year's association with America as an ally in war the Prime Minister has, in form at least, identified himself with her policy for peace, and for the first time we possess a definite Anglo-American 'peace offensive.' 'We are fighting,' said Mr. George in his address to the American troops in France, 'for the great principles laid down by the President.' Mr. George did not, indeed, declare what those principles were. But he defined them negatively by stating that this country did not covet a yard of German soil, and that we did not desire to dispossess Germany of her inheritance, or to deprive her people of their 'legitimate rights.' That is a liberal application to Germany of the ideas of world-settlement which in his speech at Mount Vernon Mr. Wilson defined in four striking sentences. The President insisted, as he has often insisted before, on the

destruction of the principle of arbitrary power; on the substitution of the principle of local consent; on the application of the principle of individual law to the relationship of states; and on the establishment of an organization of peace. Roughly speaking, this is the creed of the new internationalism, the gospel of Public Law as opposed to the Rule of National Force. America has often proclaimed this gospel, but hitherto she has taken no obvious step to press her policy on the Allies. The statesmen of the Allies in their turn have either, like M. Clemenceau, formally rejected the American policy, or professed it in theory and, as in the Italian, Rumanian, and Franco-Russian treaties, repudiated it in practice. We may take it that this opposition has now ceased. M. Clemenceau appears to have, formally at least, withdrawn his resistance to the League

of Nations, and Mr. George has declared that if the Kaiser wants the President's peace he can have it tomorrow. If, therefore, America persists in her ideas, she has the power to re-settle the world with them. That is implicit in our confession that on the American reinforcements in France depends the material issue of the war. It is for America, therefore, to translate them into action; or to see them engulfed in the always returning tide of European imperialism. Had she been a little firmer, she might have brought about her Peace of Nations in 1917. French and Italian Nationalism then barred the way, and Mr. George hesitated. The golden hour went by, a discouraged and half-defeated Germany revived, and the Allies plunged into a fourth year of desolating and unsuccessful war. Now the world scene changes again. The year 1918 has brought the apparition of America in shining armor. It also, we hope, reveals her President's feet still shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

But if America has the power to lead the older world right, she has also the ability to plunge it into ruin. And she may do this, not from an undue assertion of her force, but from a hesitation to use it, or by yielding to the temptation to employ only its material side. She allowed the Secret Treaties to pass without, so far as we know, a remonstrance against the substitution of Imperialistic for international ends. All the same she is bound to see her essential object of world-security emerging from the individual aims that incessantly obscure it. European society has alarmingly deteriorated during the last twelve months. Not only has there been an appalling drain on its fountain of youth and energy. Its power of renewal is going too. A burden of

£25,000,000,000 of debt is now laid on the five greater Continental states. Supposing that the war ends to-day, over £1,000,000,000 must be found in the first year of peace if Europe is to pay merely the interest on her war debts. No statesman has ever suggested a plan for meeting this emergency without repudiation or a sweeping levy on capital values. Nor is the moral outlook less dreadful. The older civilization has been rent to its centre, and every narrowly ingenious mind in its statesmanship is bent on some plan for widening and perpetuating the fissure. Unless some reconciling force can be discovered and applied, victors, and vanquished will be lost together; and after a hundred battles fought between the rivers and mountain ranges of France and Palestine, America, the arbitress, will look down either on a desert or on a scene of savage confusion. Her idealism will thus be worse than vain; it will have been the bright lure to cheat the nations of their modest hopes of recovery from the catastrophe of the war.

This is no fancy picture. The statesmen of Europe have failed to measure the true character of the war. They never realized what a storm of passions it would excite. But the storm threatens to go far beyond their control. The longer the war goes on, the more visibly looms up the figure of the war after war. Its plan of campaign, as laid out, not in cabinets, but in merchants' committee rooms and trade union chambers, provides not merely for differentiation against German goods, but for the physical exclusion of the German race from the great waterways of the world. 'However the war ends, whatever treaties they make,' said Mr. Havelock Wilson to Mr. Wells, 'a world-wide net is to be drawn for an

indefinite period against German ships and trade and men.' Germany has herself to thank for this threat to treat her people as a race of pariahs; but none the less a world in which the sea-faring races propose (and can if they please effect) a rigid segregation from two of the great land-using ones is self-devoted to destruction. Enlightened America perceives this truth, for in the article to which we have referred Mr. Wells quotes the resolution of the Washington Chamber of Commerce, declaring that America's adhesion to an anti-German economic combination after the war depends on whether Germany will consent to a reduction of armaments and will offer a democratic government as a guarantee of peace. Now here, at least, is a gleam of light. If America joins the Anarchists and the Never-Endians, civilization is lost. But it is not lost at all, it is, on the contrary, regained and restored, should she approach Germany, as we ought long ago to have approached her, with the offer to exchange (in substance) her militarism for readmission into the Society of Nations and for a reopening of her international trade. Such a tender has two great advantages. It is a resort to the weapon which is decisive, not only of the superiority of the Allies, but of the only good issue to the war, and insures that issue without a further prolongation of the struggle. There lies the real consequence of America's entry into the arena. Her troops do unquestionably yield us a predominance of numbers on the Western front. But that is not her only or her real contribution. The value of the American Alliance is that it makes the economic factor supreme, and constitutes it the solvent of the war. Through it, and through it alone, Germany can be made to

see, as she could never see before, that while she can have her militarism and starve, she can also abate it and live.

Of that release for the world, America is the only possible instrument, and Mr. Wilson's Mount Vernon speech is its message. We might have been at least the forerunner of the gospel, but we let the chance slip, and, indeed, without America, the chain of economic pressure on Germany lacked its most powerful link. But there is only one way in which America can exert the moral influence to which her material contribution to the war entitles her. She must come formally into the councils of the Allies. If she stays outside, she may indeed wage an American war, but she will never sign an American peace. Our politics are in the hands of people who do not mean that she should. The Never-Endians, the Tariff-mongers, the Imperialists of Europe will salute her arriving legions with resounding fanfares. But they will pigeon-hole her President's peace speeches. These men are not out for a new world or for a democratic one; they are out against the form of autocratic Imperialism which threatened to overshadow their own. If with America's aid they destroy it, they will indeed have rid society of a poisonous growth, but they will then proceed to prepare fresh cultures of it. These things need not happen. America's idealism may still be a priceless gift of redemptive power to mankind. But it may be utterly perverted, and the combativeness, the intellectual ardor, the optimistic temperament of her people turned into grist for the making of militarism. There is our peril and her temptation; and the world may well hold its breath while she ponders them.

INTERVENTION IN RUSSIA

IN no phase of this great war has the distinction between purely military and purely political considerations been so marked as in the present still debated policy of allied intervention to support the Nationalist Party or parties in what was once the Russian Empire. Yet in no phase have the two been logically so closely connected. Were intervention on a large scale and immediately carried out, possibly as a military operation, there would not be a moment's hesitation upon the political side. If the Western Allies had a great superiority in numbers over the Central Empires they would, as a matter of course, support in the East with some sufficient expeditionary force the armed risings which threaten the enemy's power there. The enemy has reduced himself in Russia to about 45 second-rate divisions, German and Austrian combined. That represents less than a sixth of his total force (excluding Bulgarians and Turks combined); far less than a tenth of his fighting power in men, and certainly not a twentieth of his material power, perhaps not a fiftieth. For his magazines, aircraft, heavy pieces, poison appliances, and the rest are quite insignificant upon the eastern front, where he regards himself as perfectly secure. In other words, the whole of his weight is on the West. If in such a situation we could compel him to serious anxiety in the East, it is obvious that we should do so. But the very first element in the affair which strikes one is the severe limitation of any such effort. We can seize ports; we can aid the small disciplined forces which have apparently got

control of the Trans-Siberian railway and, so far as one can judge very fragmentary and confused accounts are even holding Samara in European Russia; we can — at least America can — send rolling stock to increase the wretched supply now available upon the Trans-Siberian and so forth. But we cannot put in a large expeditionary force at short notice to depend upon six thousand miles of communication reduced to one single avenue, a double line of railway, and that within three months of the Siberian winter. The real issue is whether or not such force as could be maintained would act as a rallying point for the national reaction in Russia against the International Anarchists, who betrayed the cause of the Allies last year.

The question we have to answer is whether the national forces — actual or potential — which would welcome intervention are sufficient to make intervention advisable. And having put that down as a main question, let me follow the tradition of this paper in past issues of the sort by saying that it is a question no layman should answer and one on which only expert knowledge can advise the authorities in whose hands we are for the conduct of the war.

That is a negative conclusion like so many that have been put forward during the last four years in these columns, but it is a sound one. The spectacle of this journalist advising a particular policy, that journalist denouncing it, when neither can possibly know the necessary secret and perhaps voluminous evidence upon which the policy should be judged, is fantastic.

And the only reason that we do not see how fantastic it is, is that we have grown so used to the dictation of the press in less important and domestic matters, that we continue to follow that authority in matters of life and death; and matters only to be decided upon concrete knowledge which not a hundred men possess.

It was exactly the same in the case of Mesopotamia, and of Salonica. It is not for us to judge; we cannot judge, and the less disturbance of public opinion is excited while such grave issues are being determined, the better.

Meanwhile this negative conclusion — that publicists have no business to meddle with government in time of war — gives us the right to criticize very strongly two arguments which are being put forward against intervention. For they are arguments that show either an ignorance of the extremely perilous passage in which the Allies now find themselves, or of elementary history.

The first is the argument that we ought not to intervene against 'Democracy' as represented by the Anarchist caucuses, largely led by Internationals in the few great Russian towns; and the other is the argument that nothing need be sent because nothing large can be sent.

As to the first of these it can only be advanced by men who do not even now appreciate that England, the whole society and tradition by which they are what they are, depends upon the issue of this war. Even if democracy were admitted to be the only tolerable form of government everywhere acclaimed by the human race as its ideal, and even if the Terrorist groups in the large Russian towns were the protagonists of that ideal, that would be no sort of reason for not destroying them, after it had become apparent that they were acting, some

of them consciously, more of them unconsciously, as the agents of the enemy. A nation fighting for its life cannot even discuss such points. Those whose action threatens it with death, it must itself, if it can, destroy.

But in point of fact, the international leaders of the Russian Extremists have not made even a pretense of standing for democracy. They stand, when they are sincere, they pretend to stand, even the most insincere of them, for something very different: For an international arrangement which shall produce a struggle throughout the world between those who support private property and those who would put the means of production into the hands of politicians as trustees of the community. Not a word in their phraseology is popular. They show no sign in anything they say or do of the popular mark. They repeat the pedantic phrases of a particular middle-class theory, which the mass of the Russian people have never heard of, and which if they did hear of it, that peasantry would scorn, as every peasantry scorns inhuman and academic schemes. What these people have done — they are but a handful — is to permit the peasantry to take up vast areas of land hitherto the property of others, and *there* lies the crux. Is the effect of this new position such that the peasantry will continue for some time longer to support those whom they have been told were its authors? Does the new ownership which the peasant craved make him willing to defend the Anarchists in the town at the expense of the national traditions, or is he, now that he has got the land, ready to rally to order and to a resurrection of the national religion, the national pride, and all the rest of the Russian story? Judged on the analogy of our Western peasantries the latter question would

seem to suggest the truth. They are intensely national. On the satisfaction of their desire for land they become but the more national. But we have no right on this analogy to presume that the same is the case with Russia. There are very few men living in the West who can answer whether it was so or no, even before the Revolution: and even those men to-day can only guess at what the Revolution has done to the Russian mind. They cannot be certain.

Yet it is upon their guess that our policy must depend. For if the Russian peasant has come to think that foreign intervention menaces his new property in land, we should, by adopting that policy, make our position worse than it is, and so far from embarrassing the enemy, we should aid him.

In the matter of the second argument that a small force is no use and a large one cannot be sent, I should answer that this directly contradicts all historical experience. If the general sentiment of an unarmed and disorganized people is against you, and in favor of small organized minority in its midst, then your sending the small force to oppose that small organized minority is a fatal error. The great unorganized mass is unfit for fighting though it turns the scale. But if the great mass is on the whole in favor of your intervention, and if the organized minority you are attacking is hated by them, then even

a small disciplined force makes a prodigious difference. It is not only a nucleus and a rallying point, it is also an instructor. Further, it gives the unarmed just what they needed, a weapon, and the unorganized an organism. If Brittany had been really roused against the Revolution, Quiberon Bay would have succeeded. It is no argument to say, 'No matter what the state of Russian feeling, it is useless to send troops because we cannot send enough.' It is an argument to say, 'The state of Russian feeling is such that the troops you send would only provoke it.' Unfortunately, that argument cannot be used with knowledge by anyone now writing upon the London press. It is, even with those of them who know Russia best, an estimate of new and unknown things.

There remains, of course, the distinction between intervention by European or American and by Asiatic troops; the latter with the advantage of number and with the very grave disadvantage of presenting an obvious challenge. But that is a matter of policy which I do not think it right to discuss publicly. The great quarrel of the world has not yet brought in upon any large scale this cross cleavage. It has been upon the whole a quarrel between sane Europe and a branch of Europe insane through cruelty and pride, which Europe must eliminate, but preferably by her own powers.

AMERICAN SILHOUETTES

(From the French Point of View)

BY PAUL-LOUIS HERVIER

I

NEWTON D. BAKER

DOCTOR N. D. BAKER was practising his profession at Martinsburg, Virginia, a small town of 8000 people, when Germany committed its first aggression against France, in 1870. He little thought, on December 3, 1871, when his second son, Newton D. Baker was born, that that son would play a prominent part in another war inaugurated by Germany.

The future Secretary of War seemed in no wise predestined to the task of raising an enormous army. His biography proves this, even as it proves also what talent, tenacity, and persistence can achieve. His father wanted to make of him a doctor like himself, and that is why he attended lectures at Johns Hopkins University. But after he had obtained his degree, and assisted his father in performing an amputation, young Newton realized that he had no calling to become a skillful surgeon. He had a taste for the law, and decided that he would attend the law school at Washington and Lee University. In a single year he did what the best students take two years for—yet he obtained his degree. Speaking, later, of this period, he said:

'This shortening of the course was occasioned by family necessities. Money was not plentiful in a country doctor's house, and there were three

other children whose education had to be completed.'

He lived three years at Martinsburg, working assiduously, but attaining only comparative success. And so, when the then Postmaster-General, Mr. William L. Wilson, invited him to come to Washington as his private secretary, he was able (so he himself said) to divide the two cases he then had in hand among the other members of the bar, and fold his tent.

In 1899, on returning from a journey, he made the acquaintance on shipboard of Mr. Martin A. Foran, of Cleveland, Ohio. The way in which he talked on the question of Ireland and the Irish attracted that eminent lawyer's attention. Some time later Mr. Foran wrote to him to suggest that he become a member of his firm.

Mr. Baker went to Cleveland with the purpose of refusing. But before he succeeded in uttering the first word in that direction, Mr. Foran showed him into an office. 'This is yours,' he said, 'and there are a lot of clients for you in the waiting-room. So you must begin to work at once.'

The way in which Mr. Baker made himself known in Cleveland is worth telling. Mr. Foran was to speak at a meeting called by the Democratic Party, and he suddenly found himself

absolutely unable to attend. He sent his young partner in his place.

Now, Mr. Baker is very short, and he was altogether unknown to the Democrats of Cleveland. The chairman of the meeting announced with regret that Mr. Foran had been prevented from attending, but that he had sent his 'boy' to represent him. And the chairman added in a patronizing tone:

'Come, my boy, and tell us what you know.'

Mr. Foran's 'boy' told what he knew, and achieved a tremendous success.

The Mayor of Cleveland, Tom L. Johnson, could not fail to take an interest in an orator who had revealed such unusual abilities. He appointed Newton D. Baker to be the head of the legal department of the city. In 1909, Mayor Johnson was beaten by Herman Baehr. Mr. Baker was the only Democrat elected. He wished to resign, but Johnson advised him to remain at his post, so that he might be useful to the Democrats of Cleveland, who had no other representative of their political creed.

This was excellent tactics. When Johnson died, Baker became the leader of the Democratic Party, and in 1911 was chosen Mayor by the largest majority ever obtained in Cleveland up to that time. He surrounded himself once more with the men whom Johnson had trained. It was as if Johnson himself were Mayor again; his portrait hanging over his successor's desk symbolized the vitality of the impelling force of his administration.

Mr. Baker was reelected in 1913, but he declined to run in 1915, and the man whom his party put forward was beaten. In his *Autobiography*, Mayor Johnson wrote this flattering estimate of Mr. Baker:

Although he was the youngest of us all, he was in reality the head of the Cabinet, and our chief adviser. As a lawyer, he was opposed to the ablest lawyers in the state. No other advocate had so large a number of cases come into his office in so short a time; and in my opinion no other man could have handled such a task as well as he did.

When Mr. Baker was selected as Secretary of War, at the time of the Mexican troubles, he was trying a case before one court, and in another Mrs. Baker was securing the conviction of a grocer who had sold her some rotten eggs.

When he learned of his appointment Mr. Baker exclaimed:

'I will do my best, but I shall have much to learn; for, even as a child, I never played with lead soldiers.'

After making the acquaintance of Messrs. Foran and Johnson by accident, how did he become known to Woodrow Wilson?

In 1912 Judge Harmon of Ohio aspired to the nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Baker opposed him and so did Mr. Wilson a service. In an interview with Mr. Rowland Thomas, in the *World* of March 10, 1916, he gave his own explanation of his success:

If I scrutinize myself quite impersonally, I am led to think that I have a very sluggish mind. I mean by that that my mind works slowly. There is no trace of brilliancy. A brilliant mind, in my opinion, is often like a valuable horse, excellent for a race but requiring to be kept in the stable for a day or two afterward. My mind is like a draft horse. It does not rear, but it follows its own little road back and forth. I think, too, that it was an advantage to be so short and look so young.

Mr. Baker is short, but well proportioned, with bright eyes, and ready but not rapid speech: his voice is very clear. He never uses slang. He has never been a sporting man. His favorite occupations are

reading and conversation. He loves to have visitors. When he is alone, he reads Greek and Latin authors without difficulty. They say even that, in the crowds on American tramways, he has sufficient self-control to remain absorbed in an interesting book. Whenever he can, he lights his pipe — a straight-stemmed pipe that cost a few cents.

He loves the simple, unostentatious life. He is often seen driving his little Ford, but he is especially devoted to family life. He married, in 1902, Miss Elizabeth Leopold. There are

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three children: Betty, 11; Jack 9, and Peggy, 4, enliven his household. But, alas! the exigencies of his position deprive him at present of the joys of home. At Washington he leads the life of a bachelor at the University Club, because, he says, 'the children are at school in Cleveland, and their studies must n't be interfered with.'

In the United States the people are awaiting the results of the vast labor now being performed by the Secretary of War; and a journalist asks this question: 'Is he a great little man, or a little great man?'

THE GERMAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

THERE is one thing that has beaten the Germans during the last four years — the manufacture of a national anthem. It is obvious, of course, to a logical mind — but to no other — that powers of organization which can throw off the big gun and the severe law as incidents of function should have no difficulty with a mere song. Yet, though the Government has issued orders for a national anthem and has detailed an army, or at any rate, three battalions, of rhymesters and tone-setters to work up the material, the experts have up to the present condemned the products as unsuitable.

The question arose quite naturally. They quarreled with the people whose song they have been wont to sing for more than a hundred years, and that spoiled the taste of it for them. But this was a judgment; for they need never have stolen it. One would have thought the most musical

country in the world would have disdained to steal from one they called *Das Land ohne Musik*, or that the most omniscient would have known that there are some things you cannot steal. For national anthems are not as other songs. They are verse and tone as they stand, after the personal enthusiasm that created them has been enriched by the aspirations and ennobled by the sufferings of a multitude. Things like these say to us:

Be you the men you've been,
Get you the sons your fathers got,
And God will save the Queen.

The theft was committed in 1793. The rulers of Prussia, Saxony, and other states, in need of a rallying cry against the ideas of the Revolution, hurriedly adopted our tune for *Heil dir im Siegerkranz*. The words of this were also stolen, having been written by a native of Flensburg in honor of Christian VII of Denmark. The best

verse is the second — to the effect that 'nor horse nor trooper can safeguard the steep heights where princes dwell; their throne is based on their subjects' love whence, like a cliff, it fronts the storm.' But this is no match for our second verse, whose economy and deadliness of aim was not reached at a first attempt, and which we have stoutly resisted all proposals to alter. Three years later Haydn, moved thereto partly by his visits to England, partly no doubt by the Prussian example, wrote the *Emperor's Hymn* which became the Austrian anthem. Half a century later the Germans stole this too for *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*, the words of which by V. Fallersleben are considerably superior to those of *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*. In these two the Austrian ideals of 'kindliness, honesty, and candor' contrast with the Prussian of 'unity, right, and freedom.'

The Germans have never had war poets to equal Uhland, Körner, and Arndt. Uhland is still a revered name, though he had much to say of honor and the plighted word, of the sanctity of treaties and the moderation of desire. The battle songs of Körner, the clean fighter, have lived partly by Weber's tunes. Arndt, the most prolific in this kind, is famous for his *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?* and his answer to this question — 'wherever the German tongue is heard, and *wo Gott im Himmel Lieder singt*' (presumably German ones).

There are about a hundred of such

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songs, and they are needed; for the fact is the Germans have been using up their patriotic songs rather quickly of late years. *Schleswig-Holstein Meer-umschlungen*, an old favorite, has dropped out since the events of '48 and '64 have put a new complexion on matters. *Ich bin ein Preusse* with the assertion, to Neithardt's truculent tune, 'Come rain, come shine, I am and mean to be a Prussian,' has been somewhat in abeyance since it became unnecessary to accentuate causes of friction. *Die Wacht am Rhein* was the national song of 1870, but, when the point was no longer in dispute, was relegated to the secondary position of *Rule, Britannia*. On the whole, Arndt's song, edited, say, in Hamburg, and set by the composer of the first phrase of *Ein Heldenleben*, seems to offer as good a chance as any of meeting present requirements.

Since 1914, patriotic poetry occupied itself at first in finding rhymes to 'hate'; but after a year or so it tired of this, and declined upon the less exciting but more necessary task of reconciling war and religion. In this task it divided naturally into Catholic and Lutheran, and therewith roughly into poetical and philosophical. In 1916 the Socialists began to make themselves heard, and were in full blast by the beginning of the next year. As to the tunes, there is a complaint that the schools have ceased and the munition workers have not yet begun to sing, and a hope has been expressed that the men's voice choirs will not be permanently ousted by the *Tingeltangels*.

THE LEISURED CLASS

BY H. D. IRVINE

THE art of being leisured is a gift, a talent, which increases like other arts the sum of imaginative joy in the world. Its peculiarity among the arts is its detachment from production: what the leisured make is of no consequence; the essential is how they make it. Their art has, like the others, its tradition, variously preserved in different countries and ages. Like all artists they depend on the section of their community which provides material wealth. The *faineants* are afforded their day, become the subject of criticism in its afternoon when they are losing touch with their maintainers, and generally show a final, dazzling brilliancy in its evening. Their art has its flourishing periods and its periods of decline; and there are times when it dies, to be born again after an interval, times when a leisured class is in one country or another dethroned before its successor has been appointed. Then the great function of the leisured, the reminding of men that style as well as achievement counts, is forgotten.

And life is dull. There is little unreason saving sin, for nonsense is neglected. The world is like a hive all of drones who work from birth to death and never once see their queen whom they have nurtured take her flight into the blue and the sunshine. Success tends to be always earned, whether honestly or otherwise, so that the chief accident is disaster.

To all who feel the sad world sadder still for much elimination of useless persons, to all who while they must

work like to contemplate the idle, to all, in fine, who in spite of the Food Controller cherish like a secret vice a preference for roses over potatoes, I commend the beggars of Rome. They are the unconquerable, the undying, and the ever-ready leisured class of the world. They have, indeed, a secondary function. They are accessibly disposed about the streets of the city in order that Romans may appease their consciences in the matter of almsgiving without any trouble, at a price which is optional. But their demeanor shows how little they are mere hawkers, selling peace of conscience for *soldi*. They are no tradesmen; they exact and easily receive the dues owed to a status.

Like the worthier among the leisured classes of history they cultivate manners and philosophy and are sometimes amateurs of the arts. Their code is sternly opposed to professionalism: let a man play a fiddle if he will, so long as he does not practise strenuously, but let his playing never betray any emotion except sentimentality or light gayety, and let him always be ready to interrupt his music for a whim or at the call of politeness. They follow a constant tradition of their class also in being comfortably circumstanced, so that even if they are thin you can be sure that they have never been in want but that meagreness is the habit of their body. And many of them have that great charm of the elect of their class, a radiating appearance of content. It is this air which some of

the leisured have, towards the evening of their day, exaggerated so that it became arrogant. But the Roman beggar is too courteous to be arrogant. He is affable to all. He solicits with a bow and a smile, or in very hot weather without a bow and with only a smile's shadow. His soliciting is perfunctory: a real gentleman believes in luck and cannot stoop to collect the dues which do not come easily. He renders magnificent and perfect thanks for any and every payment, for a *soldo* as for a twenty-*lira* note;

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but his most graceful and polished expressions are for those who deny him, not humbly because of their poverty — in this case he seems to be unaware of debts — but rudely. It is for the surly deniers that he will sweep the steps with his hat, bending almost double, and use the flowers of his language. And then the impiety of a hurried busy world, which while it does things cares not how they are done, is revealed by the man who so beautifully does nothing.

THE VICTORIAN AGE

IN the preface to his book, *Eminent Victorians* (London: Chatto & Windus), Mr. Lytton Strachey says that 'the history of the Victorian Age will never be written: we know too much about it.' Mr. Strachey, at any rate, does not seem to suffer from this disability of knowledge. The acquaintance which he shows with the age is of the slightest. His papers on Manning and Dr. Arnold are mere summaries of well-known books, macerated in the acid of Mr. Strachey's mind. They are examples of biography made very easy, travesties of that art which Mr. Strachey thinks 'has fallen on evil times in England.' He at any rate has done little to pick it up.

If in writing about Manning and Arnold Mr. Strachey displays a superficial journalism, if he exposes a complete ignorance of Lord Cromer, he falls with another kind of fury upon Florence Nightingale and General Gordon. That he should have written

about these heroes at all is grossly improper. He is in mind and temperament anti-heroic. He lacks the geniality, the humor, and the talent of the bibulous rascals who, at the end of the seventeenth century, delighted to dress up the heroes of Homer and Virgil in the cast-off coats of the rufflers, to force them to speak the slang of the tavern. But he adopts their method of caricature as well as he can. Since it is impossible that he should understand those who did not refrain from the service of their country, he does his best to make them appear ridiculous. With a kind of zest, he pictures Florence Nightingale bullying Sidney Herbert and forcing Clough to wrap up parcels in brown paper. With an essential commonness — there is always a strain of commonness in his writing — he finds this to say about Gordon: 'Now when he was in the mood — after a little b. and s. especially — no one was more capable than Gordon, with his

facile speech and easy manners, of furnishing good copy for a journalist.' Evidently Gordon has served Mr. Strachey better even than he served Mr. Stead. He has given him the chance of laughing at the weaknesses of a great man, of throwing a few dregs of brandy and soda in the face of a hero who knew not fear, and died willingly for his country. Obviously it is easier to jeer at courage than to emulate it. Yet General Gordon might have been spared the outrage of Mr. Strachey's patronage and denigration.

However, the Victorian Age, about which Mr. Strachey thinks that we know too much, still baffles the inquirer. Perhaps, indeed, it would be wise to talk less than we do about ages and their characteristics. An age is like a railway station, in which men and women meet fortuitously, are held together by no bond and intend as speedily as possible to continue their separate journeys. If at a given moment you drove all the travelers into the waiting rooms, locked the door, and applied the democratic method of the ballot-box, you might find some resemblances of opinion. But the resemblances would be superficial and largely unconscious. No age knows either itself or its qualities, and the judgment of succeeding generations is not often trustworthy, because it judges of this age or that by the great ones who have done it honor. And the great ones are those who rise above the age into which they are born. They are great because, sharing only the accidental characteristics of their contemporaries, they belong to all time. Gordon and Florence Nightingale, for instance, are Victorian by the hazard of a date. They were as remote from their surroundings as from the Garden of Eden; they might have been born

into any century; such qualities as they possessed were all their own and free from the blemish of a prevailing fashion.

The truth is that that which an age has in common is merely a fashion of speech, morals, or costume, and by this fashion you may detect those who do not rise superior to their environment. The Victorian age, if we regard its average, was a boisterous, turbulent, and sentimental age. It was sentimental at all hours and in all classes. It pretended that it was doing good, even at its very worst. It threw itself with a whole heart into politics, and had no doubt that the liberalism of the middle class was a sure means of progress. While Messrs. Cobden and Bright thanked God that with the help of women and small children in the factories they were able to compete successfully with foreign nations, Mr. Roebuck, found an infinite satisfaction in the thought that in England a man might say what he chose, whether it was true and useful or not. The gospel of Manchester was preached in raucous tones from one end of the country to the other, and the reflection that we produced more coal and iron than our rivals seemed to the sanguine a clear proof that we were singled out by Providence for great ends. The Victorians were proud of the machinery of life; they were proud of the Dissidence of Dissent and of the Protestantism of the Protestant faith; and Mr. Frederic Harrison, speaking for many thousands, declared that 'the man of culture is in politics one of the poorest mortals alive.' Indeed he was and is, but he did n't matter so long as Mr. Beales might brawl in the street, and there were palings in Hyde Park to be pulled down. The Englishman, noisy and insistent, was ready to believe, as Matthew Arnold said, 'that the

having a vote, like the having a large family, or a large business, or large muscles, has in itself some edifying and perfecting effect upon human nature.' And in this respect the Englishman is Victorian still.

The Englishman of to-day is Victorian also in his childlike belief in machinery. The charge which Matthew Arnold made against his contemporaries may be leveled at ours with equal truth. 'Faith in machinery,' said the author of *Culture and Anarchy*, 'is our besetting danger. Often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? what is population but machinery? what are railroads but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are, even, religious organizations but machinery?' Yet by a strange paradox, the Victorians, who in their brutal worship of success, commercial and spiritual, seemed to care not a jot for the things of the mind, might boast a larger number of great contemporaries, as we shall presently see, than had smiled upon England since the sixteenth century.

And still the Victorians bustled to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. Still they shouted that in so doing they were achieving the highest moral purpose. It was part of their turbulence, like their tea-meetings, and their religious feuds, and their fondness for brawling in the street. Above all, they proved their boisterousness in the conduct of their vices. The Victorian Age was the age of the Marquis of Hastings as well as of Dr. Arnold, of Baron Nicholson and Trial by Jury as well as of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, of Kate Hamilton's and Evans's and the Hole in the Wall.

Men lost fortunes on the turf, and solaced their saddened souls with rough practical jokes. The hero who emptied a sack of rats into a dancing hell enjoyed a success which even Mr. Robert Lowe might have envied.

How, then, shall you find a common denominator for such an age as this, how express it in simple terms? It combined in itself all the elements of contradiction. It was pious and blasphemous: the high priests of non-conformity jostled Mr. Bradlaugh on the platform. It was cruel and philanthropical: it busied itself with charities; it did its official best to thwart Florence Nightingale in the Crimea; and it bitterly opposed Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Disraeli when they attempted to rescue the over-ridden children from the factories. It was prudish in word and thought as no age has ever been, yet those of it who chose might listen enthralled to the ribaldries of the Garrick's Head. Even the criminal classes were on the alert to frighten the burgess or to afford amusement to the amateur of crime. The Victorian Age was, in brief, a golden era of the Old Bailey. How shall our tamer times match Orton and Charles Peace, Benson and the corrupt detectives, Wainwright and Palmer? It may be said that these great men condescended to the age as by an accident, and the age is not entitled to take credit for them. But even if we omit them from the argument, we must still confess that the Victorian Age was an age of rough and lawless energy.

Energy, that is its characteristic — energy often misdirected and to wrong ends, but energy restless and unmishtakable. The ferment, like the machinery, which the Victorians vaunted, frequently led to nothing, and it seemed inconsistent with the prudish sentimentality which also prevailed.

But there it was, and it expressed itself most clearly in the rhetoric, which was the passion of all good Victorians. It was a time of long speeches and long books. Carlyle and Ruskin preached the value of silence in unnumbered volumes. Gladstone solved the problem of packing the minimum of sense into the maximum of words. Even the men of science, with the single exception of Darwin, were rhetoricians as well as patient observers of the truth. Fifty years ago the meetings of the British Association were well-advertised opportunities of eloquence. The sound of Professor Tyndall's peroration at Belfast still echoes in the ears of the devout. 'If unsatisfied, the human mind,' thus he spoke, 'with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will still turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, . . . then, casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man. Here, however, I touch a theme too great for me to handle, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds when you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.' Is that science, or is it oratory? We do not know; we do know that it is a characteristic piece of Victorianism.

Thus the Victorian Age was an age of fret and ferment. Not only were men curious about their souls; they were prepared to fight about their souls. Theology flew at the throat of science. Nonconformity was alert to do battle against the Established Church. These impulses were apparent even in the great. But the great were great in spite of them. The tendencies of the age marked and did not spoil their work. Even though

they adopted the prevailing fashions, as women adopted the crinoline, they kept their genius separate and alive. Easily they rose above their environment, and they are judged not by the standard of a time, but by the standard of all time. The characteristics of the Victorians overlaid them superficially. That which gave them immortality was something which went back very far into the past.

And by this accident of great men the Victorian Age will be ever memorable. It was not responsible for them; it held them under no debt; on the other hand, they repaid their nurture a hundredfold. Tennyson, for instance, the greatest poet who wrote when Victoria was on the throne, owed nothing to his contemporaries save a set of unimportant opinions. To them he seemed a man with a 'message.' The philosophers, the theologians, and the men of science all claimed him for their own. They were sure that his one and only purpose was to interpret for them their little creeds. When he published *In Memoriam*, an undiscerning critic declared that 'the author had made a definite step towards the unification of the highest religion and philosophy with the progressive science of the day.' Then the politicians laid hold of him, and, until the publication of *Maud*, were convinced that his supreme aim was to interpret the creed of middle-class Liberalism. They looked to him to give shape and substance to their own vague hopes of freedom. And their vague hopes are all forgotten. What remains to us is the exquisite poet, alive always to the sights and sounds of nature, quick to transmute into words what he saw and heard — the poet of 'Tithonus' and 'Enone,' of 'Lucretius' and 'Vastness,' the poet who takes his place with the greatest of all the ages, with Shake-

spere and Donne, and Crashaw and Milton, and Pope and Wordsworth and Keats. Even the *Idylls of the King*, moss-grown as they may seem to-day with the sentiment of the Victorian Age, will reveal their beauties afresh to the coming generation, which will care not a jot about the battle of science and theology. Even *The Princess* will presently be purged of its middle-class liberalism, and when the dross is laid bare, the gold will be valued at its proper worth as pure and flawless.

Tennyson was the poet of the Victorians. Charles Dickens was their writer of prose. Let us forget for a moment the wonderful phantasmagoria which was his world. Let us put out of our minds the amazing men and women whom he created out of the vast fertility of his mind and brain, and let us remember that he wrote English as few have ever written it. He was a true master of the English phrase, of the English epithet, of the English word. He had lapses into blank verse — that is true; but when he chose, what Poe said of Tennyson may be said with equal truth of him: 'So perfect is his rhythmical sense that he seems to see with his ear.' He was so simple that the delicate mysteries and harmonies of human character sometimes escaped him. If you compare his work with that of Balzac, his great contemporary, you might think that now and again he writes like a child, but always like a child of genius. Where Balzac plants his feet upon the rock of reality, Dickens is in fairyland. And yet in fairyland he gathers the truth. In a single caricature he will assemble the threads of universal experience. Crummles is

the actor of all time; Podsnap, as he was never young, will never grow old; Pecksniff resumes in his own person the hypocrisies of all the ages. Dickens's touch with his own age, his sermons and his theses, will fade away as surely as the philosophy of Tennyson will fade away, and there will be left behind the prose of a man of genius, the fun and fancy of the eternal child. If there is a better story in the range of English literature than *Great Expectations* we do not know it. And where between Shakespeare and Charles Dickens shall you find his like?

Above and beyond the Victorians also stands Matthew Arnold, their sternest critic and wisest commentator, great in the wit and irony of his prose, great in the beauty of his verse. And Disraeli, the one imaginative statesman of his time, and the sole master in his kind — the political novel — he too transcends the age, whose fashions of speech and pose and costume he knew well how to exaggerate. If these are the greatest, how many were there who came not far behind them! Of the poets, Browning and Swinburne — this last a true Victorian in controversy; of the novelists, Thackeray and Trollope, and Wilkie Collins, and the sisters Brontë, any one of them fit to be the glory of an epoch; of the rhetoricians, Carlyle and Ruskin and Gladstone, supreme in verbiage if not in understanding. Here are but a few names which cast a lustre upon an age which is perhaps too near to us for a full appreciation, and upon which all the sneers of Mr. Strachey and others shall never avail to cast a lasting shadow.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

ABOUT Francis Thompson in his lifetime there were disputations. He came, a major poet in a time of minor poets. The major themes were not generally appealing, unless one had religion. The themes were minor like the treatment. It was a very pleasant time of mainly small singers into which this new planet swung: and many a one was doubtful. We know from Thompson's *Life* that the reception of *New Poems* was very chilly. The enthusiasm for the *Hound of Heaven* and the *Sister Songs* had cooled. It was quite the correct thing for a critic to rap the poet sharply on the knuckles for his extravagant vocabulary, or to dismiss him with a shrug as an over-praised person and the poet of a coterie.

Perhaps it is not well for a poet when his way is made too smooth. The other essential poet contemporary with Francis Thompson, W. B. Yeats, — I can answer for it, — found no smoothness in the first steps of his road in his own country. But Mr. Yeats has the faculty of getting home on his self-constituted critics. After the surprise of the first onslaught, the poet, waking from his dreams, sent a shaft at his adversary which got him in a vital part. It was a rapier against a bludgeon, for I admit, or submit, that Mr. Yeats's adverse critics had no claim at all to be called critical.

It was Yeats's personality, certain mannerisms entirely genuine and unconscious, added to his terrible capacity for hitting back, that exasperated the plain man. The plain man was,

perhaps, never aware of Thompson at all. If he had been he would not have wanted to attack him, for the poet had a personality entirely disarming. He was appealingly humble with an occasional flash of arrogance. He was extremely human. His mustard-colored suit, his short clay pipe, the evening paper in which he studied the records of cricket, would have mollified the plain man. Never was one who sat on the heights so lowly, so simple, so eager to admire. About his human personality there was nothing of the white blackbird.

Lionel Johnson complained that he had sinned against the English language in those strange, magnificent, difficult words he loved to make use of. Probably the words annoyed the critics as much as Mr. Yeats's love-lock, or his odd mannerism of stopping short in the middle of a room and looking down at his feet if you happened to be introduced to him. When the *Wanderings of Oisín*, or *Usheen*, as Mr. Yeats prefers to call it now, first appeared, a red-haired Dublin journalist said, taking up the book from my table: 'This fellow thinks too much of himself, and I am going to slate him.' His criticism did not leave much unsaid. Well, doubtless the critics, or a section of them, thought that the gorgeous and resounding vocabulary of Thompson's *Odes* pointed to the fact that the poet thought too much about himself. Whereas, dealing with mighty subjects, he was making new words or compositions of words to express his thoughts, as

though a painter of sunsets had made new mixings of scarlet and gold and rose and sapphire. But the sifting of Time has been quick in Thompson's case. Out of the clouds of doubt he has come sailing like the moon. Hardly anyone now would care to question his place in the galaxy.

One looks back now with an odd, sharp regret to the days when a meeting with Francis Thompson was a common, everyday matter. He was of the great talkers, and he would walk up and down the drawing room at Palace Court, clutching his dirty little pipe between his fingers while he poured out his flood of argument. Coventry Patmore thought his prose better than his poetry, and his talk better than either; but Patmore loved to startle: he was, perhaps, hardly in earnest in these opinions. I'm afraid that we used to poke fun at the poor poet, a fun which was perfectly aware that its object was a genius. He took the fun very well. I hope it kept well within limits. He had such queer, odd, unworldly ways that one had to poke fun at him. He had written one of his poems for me, *The Fall of the Leaf*. I had had at least one long, precious letter from him before I was married. He had been humbly and simply delighted with my praises of his poetry. But in those years, when we met constantly at Palace Court and he came to see me occasionally, I don't think I got any real personal touch with him. Perhaps I did not try. But looking back from this distance it seems to me that he was pre-occupied with the Meynell family. There was one man and one woman and one family of children for him in the world, and all the rest were 'moving shadow-shapes that come and go.' The Meynell children used to play tricks on him in a perfectly affectionate way. If he discovered

the tricks — I think the real deliciousness of them was his unconsciousness — he never resented them. I don't think he thought they could do wrong. Had he a sense of humor? I have no memory of anything which indicated its possession. He was the cause of humor in others. The childlikeness of his adoration for his friends made one smile while one applauded and appreciated.

Once he discovered, or was told, that I possessed, in common with Mrs. Meynell, a liability to a certain disagreeable form of headache which he called hemicranial headache. A doctor has assured me that it is the true *migraine*, well defined by the white flashing before the eyes which takes the form of fortification figures. It is nice to know that one has the true *migraine*. Well, my property in the headache being mentioned, Francis Thompson flashed round on me like a fortification figure. 'I never knew anyone but Mrs. Meynell to have that headache,' he said, almost truculently. Everyone assured him that I had: they had known it from long experience; whereupon he conceded ungraciously that Mrs. Hinkson might have some such headache, with an air of warning others off.

He never minded when Mrs. Meynell, arriving an hour late for lunch with him in her train, would come in with profuse apologies: 'Oh, dear K. T., I am so sorry. Francis would not get up, although the children have called him at intervals of five minutes ever since nine o'clock this morning.' He did not extenuate his habits. That calling at five-minute intervals was a teasing prank which the Meynell children thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Meynell with her air of:

Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,

would shake her dear head over those pranks, although occasionally one would be rewarded by the fresh, delightful peal of laughter which one used to lie in wait for. When it was caught it repaid one for some failures. It was never missing for the sallies of a child like her godson, Toby, who is now in the Palestine campaign, after a year in the Struma Valley.

Francis Thompson was in fact a strayed angel. Behind his mustard-colored suit and his little dirty clay pipe it was:

Turn but a stone and start a wing . . .

You can see it well enough in the portrait of him at the age of eighteen which is prefixed to the *Selected Poems*. He ought to have been caught into a mediæval monastery where he could have spent his life as a mystic among mystics, contemplating the Supreme Beauty. But perhaps in that case the poetry would have lost the human element learned through much suffering. Like Lionel Johnson he was a complex bundle of nerves. Like him he seems to have come of a family which had little perception of his needs and his value to human kind. Having said this I am conscious of an injustice to Lionel Johnson's family, who, I imagine, were but aloof from their poet. With Thompson the matter was graver. Some of his family found a dangerous sensuality in the white fire of *Dream-Tryst*. Think of it! Was ever such profanation? Why, the poem might spring as a living fountain in the Courts of Paradise before the Face of the Most High. Could anything be purer?

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the Eastern Heaven,
Throbbing with unheard melody
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven,
The Bookman

When Dusk shrunk cold and light trod
shy,
And Dawn's gray eyes were troubled
gray,
And souls went palely up the sky
And mine to Lucidè.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine:
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at
mine.

Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain drops
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein
And they who walk there are most fair.
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,
Who with the Past must girt about
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out.

Curiously enough, the image of the first lines of this unearthly love song, so far removed from the things of sense, was the image of an Irish peasant who, being bidden to come early to the hay-cutting, said: 'I'll be there when the night kisses the dawn.'

Dream-Tryst, *The Hound of Heaven*, and *In No Strange Land*: in these, if he had written nothing less, is warranted Francis Thompson's right to stand by Shelley in English poetry. That strange air of his in a world hung with mists and dreams! To his sickly body, racked with more pain than anyone guessed, opium brought her poppies. They never degraded the poet in any serious sense. His songs of experience are songs of innocence. As for the strange cloudy web which lies over his poetry veiling its splendor in mystery, why, Thompson ate opium that the sober world should rejoice in his dreams forever.

WAR-TIME FINANCE

MERCHANT SHIPBUILDING

At the time of its initiation we expressed doubts as to the value of the policy of national shipyards. The fears which we then entertained have since been realized, and in recent debates in the Commons, Ministers have been almost apologetic on the subject of these government yards. At a time when the owners of private yards were clamoring for the men and materials necessary to put down extra slips and extend engineering shops, it seemed unwise to strike out in an entirely new direction, and leave experienced shipbuilders on one side while novel and costly experiments were being tried by inexperienced government hands. Moreover, the sites of the yards were not altogether wisely chosen, and in some cases it required extensive preliminary piling to make them suitable. The shortage of certain classes of shipyard labor was another factor which was not sufficiently taken into account, and to-day the national yards are not building, and the scheme that was heralded with a fanfare of trumpets seems in danger of premature collapse.

We must not be taken as altogether disapproving of the new project, though we would have been glad to see our suggestion adopted as to the laying down of one or more of these yards in Ireland. In that country there was an ample reservoir of labor to draw upon, and the fact that it was unskilled made no material difference, since the Irish laborer is so adaptable. It is in this respect we see the striking advantages of standard shipbuilding where speediness of output is the prime consideration. In

the ordinary yard 20 per cent of the workers must be skilled. In a yard for making vessels on a standard pattern the percentage of skilled labor need not exceed four. Such skilled men as were required could have been drafted without loss of time from Belfast, and the yards would long ago have been in the production stage. It may be objected that the conveyance of parts to Ireland for assembly would impose an undue strain on shipping; but the national yards in England suffered from a similar defect, since the materials, which they were simply to put together, had also to be brought from a distance by rail. Congestion of traffic on English railways is, in fact, more marked than congestion on cross-Channel routes. Of one thing we may be assured — that if the construction of yards had been vigorously taken in hand in Ireland at the time the question was first mooted, they would have stood us in good stead in regard to filling our tonnage deficiency. As it is, we have simply in England what amount to a number of white elephants. No work can be undertaken for the present in these yards because of a promise made to the shipbuilding interests. It is well, at any rate, that we have now a practical shipbuilder, such as Lord Pirrie, in charge of mercantile output, as he may be able to rectify the blunders of the past, or at least neutralize their effects. His first duty is clear — to claim for merchant tonnage the position which it should occupy in view of its economic and military importance. After the outbreak of the war the Admiralty thought in terms of fighting ships, and it would have been

too great a wrench on their traditional 'blue water' outlook to visualize the importance of the mercantile marine. They remained deaf to the first ominous notes of warning sounded by the submarine campaign. There was destruction swift and sure for this country had their policy been continued. A few figures will show. The output of merchant ships from our yards in 1913 was 1,920,000 tons gross. In 1914 it fell to 1,600,000 tons, in 1915 to 688,000 tons, and in 1916 still further to 544,000 tons. In the meantime the sinkings due to submarines and to ordinary marine risks were steadily increasing. Some could read the portents aright, but the Jacks-in-office profoundly shook their foolish heads and went their way unheeding. To the end of 1917 nearly 12,000,000 tons of British and foreign shipping had been lost from all causes. Only 55 per cent had been replaced by new construction, and our position would have been most serious were it not for the conversion to our own use of over 2,500,000 tons of enemy shipping. These figures bring the position before us in concrete form and give meaning to the slogan, 'Maximize shipping production,' a cry that is daily repeated by many who do not realize its full significance. We are prone in England to fall under the spell of catch-cries, some good, some bad, without realizing their true import. Thus, after the outbreak of the war, the motto 'Business as usual' probably worked incalculable harm among us by minimizing in the minds of the majority of our people the true nature and extent of the task that lay before us. It was as if a mariner, threatened with a tornado, made all snug for a simple breeze, and then wondered why he had been so near shipwreck. In regard to shipbuilding, the problem before us will not yield

to the simple solvent of sentiment and good will. A ton of shipping saved is more than equivalent to a ton built. Hence economy in imported articles is necessary, while the vigilance of the navy in searching out submarines must be redoubled. The good offices of the scientist and the inventor must, in the latter case, be sought and encouraged without stint. Finally, and, of course, chiefly, every slip in every yard must be kept working at full capacity, and Admiralty work, where not immediately required, should give place to merchant work.

The urgency of our tonnage requirements will not cease with the end of the war. Our shipping has been in large measure withdrawn from distant routes the trade on which has fallen into other hands. This trade we must attempt to recover. Our 'tramp' ships, which acted as carriers for such a large percentage of the world's seaborne commerce in the period prior to the war, must be restored to something near their normal strength. Otherwise our flag will no longer float supreme in the Seven Seas. The demand for tonnage will be great, if only for the transport to their respective countries of the men, horses, guns, and war material of our own and the American armies. The need for food and raw materials in all the belligerent countries will be insistent and must receive immediate attention, while the reconstruction of the ruined areas will throw a fresh burden on our shipping resources. Before the war we owned nearly 12,500,000 tons out of the 26,000,000 tons of steam tonnage which the merchant navies of the world could boast. The country must strive to recover on the conclusion of peace the position to which, on historical and on other grounds, it is entitled. Here is a concrete problem which offers itself for solution. We

have described the condition of affairs without exaggeration, and in regard to this, as well as to other concrete problems, we are content to point out to our readers the real circumstances and the real needs. We leave the realms of idealism to others, who talk idly of a League of Nations and kindred subjects which for the present have no relation to reality, being mere abstractions of the political scientists or empty formulæ of the rhetoricians.

The Statist

A PLAN TO WIPE OUT WAR DEBT

THERE is no more striking testimony to the insanity of war than the recklessness of a finance which must bring all Europe to the brink of bankruptcy and revolution when peace comes. Some nations will be in a worse case than others, but the burden of national indebtedness will everywhere present statesmen with a crop of problems which they cannot shirk and cannot solve except by dangerously revolutionary devices. Other issues may be evaded or postponed by astute political managers. But the necessity of finding the huge sums of money to pay the interest on the war loans in a time of the gravest economic disorder and uncertainty cannot be dodged. In a remarkable article *War and Peace* presents a calculation of the situation for the Continental belligerents which shows that Austria-Hungary has already eaten up four fifths of its entire capital value in war debt, while none of the other countries falls far short of one half. As for our own debt it could not be less than £7,000,000,000 net, even were the war to end now, or some 40 per cent of our aggregate wealth.

An honest solution for Austria, Germany, or even Italy, or France, seems impossible, for no statesman dare face the obloquy involved in such huge

taxation as would be required to meet the bill. Countries which have financed their war almost entirely by borrowing and printing money will not be likely to exhibit the courage necessary to abandon these practices. Even in this country, unless our statesmen are compelled by public opinion to wipe out a large part of the debt by a capital levy, the temptation to keep on borrowing during a period of resettlement may prove irresistible. Everywhere, indeed, the financial situation will seem to carry the alternations of ruinous taxation or repudiation. Now, as we may rule out repudiation for the Western world, the whole pressure will come upon devising some way of softening the rigors of taxation. Continuing the process of borrowing, in order to pay interest on war debt, is, of course, a cowardly shirking which must aggravate the catastrophe a little later on. But there is a path, already disclosed by war finance, which is certain to be explored further. We mean inflation in the shape of a public manufacture of money. Already several schemes for doing this have come to our notice; some of them inspired rather by the desire to get cheap state credit for agricultural and other development than by the motive of paying the war bill. But as the gravity of the financial situation presses closely, we feel sure that the greatest of all confidence tricks will be proposed. The implicit reasoning will be this: If we have to find so huge a sum of money to pay the interest and capital of the war debt, we can only do it by cutting down the proportion of the 'real' income of the nation that goes in these payments. This can be done by supplying plenty of money which, keeping a high level of prices, will swell the income of all classes and so enable them to bear

more easily a large demand for public revenue. The payment of war interest and principal in this inflated money will mean, *per contra*, that the war-bond holders get a good deal less real wealth than they would otherwise have got. This will not be thought out clearly in such terms, but the whole pressure of politics will be in the direction of favoring schemes that contribute to this result.

The boldest of these schemes has just been set out by Mr. E. A. Stilwell, a well-known American financier, in a little book entitled *The Great Plan* (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.). It has the great merits of largeness and simplicity. Mr. Stilwell rightly approaches the issue as an international one. For it is evident that problems like the restoration of such countries as Belgium, Poland, and Serbia, and the rationing of a world starving for food and raw materials, can only be solved by an international coöperation with a financial basis. If the salvation of the world is to be compassed by an international conference and a League of Nations, the most urgent practical work of these bodies must demand an international finance. The physical and technical means of economic restoration will exist, the land, the plant, the labor, with which fresh streams of wealth may be produced. But the enormous disparity in the distribution of the wealth, owing to the relative strength and weakness of the claims upon it of some countries and some classes within the several countries, arising from the war indebtedness, will paralyze production and threaten revolution, if no remedy is found.

Here Mr. Stilwell comes in with his financial audacity. Let all the war costs of the different nations, not only their debts but their tax expenditure, be presented to a Committee of the

International Congress. Let us assume that the total of these sums is £25,000,000,000 — it must be much more. The International Congress shall authorize an issue of 100-year Sinking Fund World Bonds for that amount, the bonds to bear one per cent interest. Each nation receiving bond certificates corresponding in value to its total war costs will be able to pay or to receive any advances it may have made or given during the war. The first effect will be that all the debts as between nations will be cleared off. These world bonds, based upon international credit, are to be redeemed by a sinking fund, to which every state shall make an annual contribution, consisting of the saving that accrues to it from its reduction in expenditure in armaments as compared with the average of its pre-war expenditure. 'The total annual saving,' Mr. Stilwell thinks, 'will be from \$1,200,000,000 to \$1,700,000,000, which will pay off the bonds in less than one hundred years.' Each nation receiving at the outset a sum in World Bonds, enabling it to redeem at once its entire war debt, with a margin over, representing its tax expenditure, should take power to redeem its bonds before they are due. 'If the English Government did not wish to compel the holders of War Loan stock to accept this bond currency (the best currency in the world) for their stock, it could at all events at once redeem all the government stock held by those willing to sell, and the remaining sum of bond currency could in the meantime be loaned to railroads, manufacturers, and industrial enterprises.'

Nobody has ever proposed so huge a scheme for the making of money out of public confidence. If the confidence existed, we do not say that it could not be done. But consider what that

assumption is. Hitherto the financial relations between members of different nations have stood upon the right of the holder of paper to demand and obtain gold, or, in some cases, silver. Mr. Stilwell's world currency not only sheds this basis, but apparently assumes no other legal basis. For though state bonds, even if not convertible into gold, would be supported ultimately by the taxing power of the state, his world bonds would have no such body of real wealth behind them, at any rate until an international government had endowed itself with powers to levy on the wealth of its constituent nations for the support of its bonds. The fund of moral confidence, that would enable the issue of this world currency to be redeemed by the certain process of disarmament and the maintenance of world peace, would prove, we fear, to be non-

existent at the beginning of the new world-order. The disgust of war and the need of economy which must follow peace cannot be relied upon at once to furnish a reliable moral basis of such international credit as *The Great Plan* demands. There is one other comment applicable to this as to all the other schemes for state or inter-state manufacture of credit. It would cause a sudden new inflation, accompanied by a further upward bound of prices. It may be that the governments will find themselves driven along this road of inflation as the way of least resistance and of apparent safety. But the war has shown how slippery a road it is, and the fact that every interest will be clamoring for credit when peace comes is no safe guide to the amount of credit, or new currency, that ought to be provided.

The Nation

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A select committee of the House of Commons is considering schedules for a new tax on luxuries, and it is intimated that it will include books in its list. It is an interesting question what kind of books it will tax. The ordinary book of commerce, the novel, the war book, the shilling shocker, it is expected, will be immune. Probably an attempt will be made to get at the book collector, and there seems no good reason why a man who is able and ready to pay three or four thousand pounds for a rare book should not be assessed another thousand pounds for the public treasury. A tax may be levied also upon limited edi-

tions on art paper which are mostly the work of private presses; but, according to the *New Statesman*, although a few books on good paper, autographed, decorated, and generally embellished, still come out, they are so few in these war-times that they would yield little revenue.

Many unlooked-for books are found among the soldiers at the front. One that caused wonder to an orderly officer was a copy of *Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, found in a sergeants' mess about two miles from the line. It seems it had been left behind by a previous inhabitant.

Nevertheless it found a diligent reader every night in a sergeant major who in civilian life was a wood carver, and who discovered in the volume a mine of suggestion in the wood-cuts of classical ornamental features!

In a letter in the *London Chronicle*, E. V. Lucas suggests to British and American artists and other exhibitors who have in time past received gold or silver medals from enemy hands that they may like to turn them in for the benefit of Red Cross funds. Mrs. E. A. Abbey has recently given for this purpose three gold medals awarded to her late husband, E. A. Abbey, R.A., by the committees of Art Exhibitions at Berlin, Munich, and Vienna.

The *London Chronicle* remarks that the shortage of paper does not seem to affect the publications of archæological and other learned societies. It records the issue of several volumes dealing with social and legal antiquities. They are printed on the best of paper and give one the impression that the things that matter most are not those of the Great War, but forgotten details of family history, disputed pedigrees, and local customs of many centuries ago.

M. Stephane Lauzanne's *Fighting France* (D. Appleton & Co.) gives American readers the first authoritative description of France as she is to-day, fighting a splendid fight for liberty, all past divisions forgotten, and all classes and groups of her people united in the determination to undergo all hardships and make all sacrifices to drive out the invader and secure a lasting and victorious peace. The outbreak of the war found M. Lauzanne editor-in-chief of the Paris

Matin, the most widely-circulated French journal. He joined the colors at once, and fought as Lieutenant in the Territorial Infantry in the battle of the Marne and later before Verdun. He was recalled in 1916 to serve the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and since October of that year has been in this country as the head of the 'Official Bureau of French Information.' His long editorial experience and his present official position abundantly qualify him to be a spokesman for the fighting France of to-day, and the four divisions of his book — Why France Is Fighting, How France Is Fighting, France Suffering but Not Bled White, and The War Aims of France — are intensely interesting, and include much material not before published in English. This is even more true of the six Appendices, drawn from official documents, showing how Germany forced the war and with what savagery she is conducting it. The book is translated by John L. B. Williams and is furnished with an Introduction by James M. Beck, late Assistant Attorney General of the United States.

To Arms, translated from the French of Marcelle Tinayre by Lucy H. Humphrey, gives a vivid and stirring picture of Paris in the forty-eight hours from July 31 to August 2, 1914. It portrays with rare skill and spirit the emotions of one small street, in a district of the left bank — a street of bourgeois Parisians, artisans, men of independent means, small officials, and tradesmen. Madame Anselme, in her stationer's shop, absorbed in her son who is soon to pass his examination for the licentiate's degree; Marie Pourat, the plumber's wife; Madame Moriceau, the mother of the Abbé; Madame Miton, the concierge, delighted at seeing her house empty-

ing for the summer; Monsieur Lepoutre, a professor of political economy, an Esperantist, and a pacifist, whose daughter comes hurrying back from Switzerland with her three boys; and little Monsieur Frechette, the artist — all are clearly individualized. But the interest is concentrated on François Davesnes, a young engineer in an aviation factory, whose lieutenant's uniform has been for two years packed away, and his devoted wife, Simone. The story of their two days is exquisitely told, and lingers in the memory. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The heroine of Olive Wadsley's latest novel, *The Flame*, is Toni Saumarez, the daughter of an English captain of good family and brilliant talent who has drunk himself out of the army, and her childhood is spent in a London slum. Taken at her father's death to the house of her uncle in Grosvenor Square, Toni — ardent, intense, and high-spirited — is rebuffed by the conventional coldness of her aunt, finds herself without sympathetic friends at the various schools to which she is sent, grieves bitterly over her uncle's death, and at eighteen runs away with Lady Saumarez's brother, Lord Robert Wycke, reputed to be the handsomest man in London and already the hero of various amours. The scene then shifts to a villa near Florence, and after a few months — when her lover's sudden death throws Toni on her own resources — to Paris, where she de-

velops remarkable gifts as a cartoonist. Two other love affairs follow. Told with undeniable cleverness, the story will please readers who like their fiction well spiced with 'temperament.' Dodd, Mead & Co.

Louis Calvert's discussion of *Problems of the Actor* (Henry Holt & Co.) has behind it forty years of experience as an actor, and thirty years as stage director; so that his suggestions, even though they were crudely conveyed — as they are not — would have practical value. But he has also the gift of expression which, according to Clayton Hamilton, the dramatic critic who furnishes a warmly appreciative Introduction, is usually wanting in actors. His book, therefore, is not only illuminating in all that it reveals about the practical details of the actor's art — the qualifications indispensable to success, the training of the voice, the relation of characters to words, the use of the eye and the hands, the art of doing nothing at the right time, the play of the emotions, the effect of scenery and lighting, music and costumes, and all the traditions and methods of the art — but it is agreeable reading, and, if not actually literature, where Mr. Hamilton puts it, is on the threshold of literature. It is a textbook, but something more than a textbook; for it embodies a wide and varied personal experience, and a close knowledge of those behind the footlights and of those in front of them.

FLOWERS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

Fields of corruption, ravaged, waste
and dead,
A storm-rent void no power shall
e'er renew;
Yet see, the poppy flaunts its daring
red
And smiles upon the cornflower's
misted blue;
The pimpernel gleams through the
gleaming dew;
The yellow charlock glistens in the
sun;
Lest you should think the earth's glad
work is done
The speedwell thrusts its name
upon your fears —
'New joys will rise, new comfort for
your tears!'
And should you cry, 'What of the lost
and gone?
Shall all their memory be buried
deep,
Their sacrifice in victory be forgot?'
Peace, doubting heart, for see,
where soft they sleep,
A starry heaven of forget-me-not!

Punch

THE SONG OF RANN

BY B. I. HOWE

This is the song of Rann,
Maker of shoes and cobbling man,
As he sat at work with needle and
thread
Trying to earn his daily bread!
'Tick-tack, tick-tack,
There's a knack
In making neat
Fairy shoon for fairy feet;
Hightop boots of mouseskin leather
Fit to stand the wettest weather,
Sandaed slippers, dancing shoes,
All of different makes and hues,
For I get my magic dyes
From the wings of butterflies,
Shoon for Puck and Fay and Elf,
Even Oberon himself!'

This is the talk of Rann,
Maker of shoes and cobbling man,
640

As he goes along on his morning
rounds
Earning stray pence in fairy towns,
'Tick-tack — tick-tack,
Where's my pack
Wanted, where?'
'By Toadstool turning, over there.'
'And what can I do for you to-day,
Heeling or soling, Madam Fay?
Oh yes, times are bad;
But still, you know, one must n't be
sad.

Here's something bright that will
cheer you up,
Dewdrop buckles found in the cup
Of a swaying bluebell, and sure
Anywhere else you would n't pay
more.'
And so chatters old and smiling Rann,
Maker of shoes and cobbling man.

The Poetry Review

'LEAVE HER JOHNNIE!'

BY C. FOX SMITH

A hundred miles from the Longships
light —
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And blowing up for a dirty night —
And it's time for us to leave her!
Down by the head and settling fast —
Her name and number's up at last,
And it's time for us to leave her!
It is n't the sea she's sailed so long,
It isn't the wind that's used her wrong,
But it's time for us to leave her!
We've pumped her out with a right
good will,
A day and a night, and she's sinking
still,
And it's time for us to leave her!
She's smashed above and she's stove
below,
And there's nothing to do but roll and
go,
For it's time for us to leave her!
A hundred miles from the Longships
light —
Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!
And blowing up for a dirty night —
It's time for us to leave her.

The London Chronicle